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[VOL. I.

"TALES OF MY LANDLORD."

By the Author of *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*.

IT is impossible to read the first sheet of this production without a conviction that it is by the author of *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, though the title-page gives no such information.

The Tales are two in number, and are called "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality." The scenes of both lie in Scotland, and the design of the author is declared to be, to portray the manners of his countrymen; and they are to be followed by others of the same character, at a future period. The "Black Dwarf" refers to the state of Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, and "Old Mortality" speaks of its condition during the struggles by the Presbyterians in favour of the "solemn league and covenant," in the latter end of the reign of Charles II.

The general title of "Tales of my Landlord" is derived from the circumstance, that they are supposed to have been collected from the relations of different persons at the Wallace-Inn at Gandercleugh. Mr. Peter Pattieson is supposed to have been the writer and compiler of the tales, who, dying young, left them to the care of Mr. Jedidiah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster, to whom he had been usher and assistant.

B ATHENEUM VOL. I.

"Old Mortality" is a sort of nickname, given by the people of Scotland to an antiquated Presbyterian, who, having engaged and suffered in the struggles of 1679, preserved unshaken his zeal for his party, and, in his declining years, journeyed from burial-ground to burial-ground with his hammer and chisel, renewing the decayed names on the tomb-stones of those who had fought and fallen in the cause he had revered: from the details he supplied, Peter Pattieson is supposed to have framed the novel which bears his title.

The man who forms the principal feature, and who first excites and afterwards heads the Covenanters in the battles of London-Hill and Bothwell-Bridge, is John Balfour, of Burley, who assassinated Dr. Thorpe, archbishop of St. Andrew's. He is a Highlander, or one "of the hill-folk," of uncommonly sturdy proportions, and of a mind corresponding with his make—undaunted, fierce, and zealous to the last degree in the holy cause he has espoused. He has fled from the murder he has committed, and is sheltered as a distressed traveller merely, by Henry Morton, the hero of the tale, a young man of benevolence, courage, and handsome proportions, who is in love with Miss Edith Bellen-

ger, the grand-daughter of Lady Margaret Bellenger, and niece to Major Bellenger. The rival of Morton is Lord Evandale, who, though unsuccessful with the lady, is, we apprehend, too successful with the reader, for he attracts even more interest than Morton.

Henry Morton unites himself with the Covenanters, and becomes one of their leaders, his associates besides Balfour, being the fanatical preachers, who put themselves at the head of the rebels to vindicate the cause against the Prelatists, upon whom they denounce, and after execute, the most bloody vengeance.

On the other side, at the head of the royalists is Colonel Grahame, of Claverhouse, afterwards created for his services, Viscount Dundee. At the period embraced by this story, he is the enterprising, courageous, and skilful antagonist of Balfour and his zeal-blinded friends, and is supported principally by Lord Evandale and others.

The person of the heroine, Edith Bellenger, is thus spoken of. Her grand-mother, Lady Margaret, is first mentioned :—

“Near to the enormous leather vehicle* which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenger, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow’s weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

“Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with great grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her

cap, were only confined by a green ribband from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without an expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity, sometimes brought against *blondes* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipment, or the figure of her palfrey.”

The following is a humorous account of an old penurious Scotch laird’s table and family-party dinner about the year 1680 :—

“The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom of his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed dinner on the table, sate down at the end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. Upon the day, therefore, after Cuddie’s arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and peas and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal house-keeping; but, at that period, it was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood’s own brewing, was indulged to the servants at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs.

* The antique coach of the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Wilson included ; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock (a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk) and a jar of salt butter were in common to the company.

"To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table, the old laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite house-keeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving man, rendered cross and cripple by the rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a housemaid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exertations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson ; a barn-man, a white-headed cow-herd boy, and Cuddie, the new ploughman, and his mother, completed the party.—The other labourers belonging to the property, resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could at least eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious, grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of the dependents swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who was much prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant."

After Henry Morton had declared his intention to Balfour of Burley to join the Calvinistical Covenanters, the latter introduces him to the council. The manner in which business was conducted at these assemblies, may be judged of from the subsequent extract :—

"We will not, with my consent," said

Burley, "engage in a siege that may consume time. We must forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow ; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Poundtext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be, they will give over the place unto our mercy, tho' they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their strong-hold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenger and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of safe conduct, and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Habbakuk," said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," reiterated this strange and unnatural voice : "is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

"While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such a language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzly hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seem-

ed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven! who is he?" said Morton in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled, at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Habbakuk Mucklewrath," answered Poundtext, in the same tone, "whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath pos-

sessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth."

The insurgents, as most of our readers will recollect, were defeated with great slaughter at Bothwell-bridge; a great number of prisoners are made, and among them Morton and Macbriar, a young, firm, misguided zealot, who had vehemently and unceasingly preached up the doctrine of cutting the throats of the Prelates, for the glory of God. The latter is brought before the privy council, and the torture of *the boots* is inflicted upon him, which he bears with unshrinking firmness, proclaiming his principles to the latest gasp. Morton, at the instance of Col. Grahame and Lord Evandale, is banished, instead of suffering death like the other prisoners.

Concluded page 43.

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

A Pastoral Tale.

IT was during the month when roses deck the bowers, and win many a kiss for rural lovers, that I strayed, in a pensive reverie along the borders of a limpid rivulet. I reached a spot where four weeping willows waved their flexible boughs over the gliding stream and the spreading turf that clothed the shore. A blooming rose-tree grew beneath their shade; its flowers were gently balanced by the foaming breeze. "I will gather one of these roses," I exclaimed; "I will select the finest for my Annette. In adorning her bosom, it will awaken pleasing emotions in her heart, and to present her with this small pledge of my faithful love, will be a new source of delight to my soul."

Already my hand touched the flower destined for my Annette, when I perceived some characters, half hidden by the moss on a stone at my feet. Without gathering the flower, I stooped to read the inscription; it was on a tomb—the tomb of a young shepherdess.

Like a rose, she bloomed the short

space of one day, then drooped her head, and died.

Time had covered the characters with moss; with my hand I pushed it aside, and read the following words:—

"The maid whose dust these stones inclose,
Soon shared her lover's doom;
Death snatch'd them both, and for a rose
They sleep within this tomb."

I remained for some time reflecting on the epitaph, and endeavouring to divine the history of these two lovers, when a young maiden from a neighbouring hamlet approached to draw water from the stream on whose brink I stood. She guessed my thoughts, and anticipated my request. "You are, then, acquainted with their misfortunes," said I.—"Yes," she replied; my "grandmother has told me their melancholy story. Many years have passed since they lived; love like their's no longer exists in our days. Alas! no, it does not," she rejoined, and I thought by her accents she felt but too much the truth of her assertion.

"Will you, my fair maid," said I,

"put down your pitcher, and come under the shade of these weeping willows, beside this rose-tree, and for a few moments rest yourself on this moss-covered stone, and relate to me the history of these lovers who were so tenderly attached."—She willingly assented, and seated herself beside me; leaning on her hand, she bent towards the rose-tree, and looking sorrowfully at the inscription on the stone, one would have imagined she had known those of whom she was going to speak, and that their remembrance caused emotions which almost prevented her relating their history; but soon recovering herself, she began as follows:—

"She who has reposed here for a hundred years was called Helen; she was the handsomest and wisest shepherdess of the hamlet; she had never loved any but Charles. Charles's affections were all centered in Helen. Born at the same time, at the same place, they grew beside each other, and were united by love like two branches of a vine, which meet, entwine, and together live and die. Such true lovers had never been before seen, and notwithstanding, so prudent: all Charles asked was a chaste kiss, and Helen never regretted the kiss she had given—" Here the ingenuous relater paused and blushed.—'I understand you, my fair maid,' said I: 'you act like your prudent grandmother.'—The amiable girl blushed still deeper, cast her eyes on the grass her hand had been listlessly gathering, and then continued her relation.

"Who would have thought that jealousy could have entered into two hearts so closely united? Ah! there is much truth in the saying, that happiness lasts but for a moment, and that it is in the finest day that storms surround us, and the thunderbolt deals death. Helen thought Charles was faithless; this gave the mortal blow to her peace, but she would not reproach her guilty lover with his crime. 'I will not change like him,' she exclaimed, 'but I will no longer love.'—Then she assumed an air of indifference; it was only assumed, for her heart was torn with grief.

"Charles, however, who had no suspicion of his misfortune, came on the

morn of a festival, with his usual frankness, to salute his beloved mistress. Alas! love had flown; no tender smile greeted his approach, no friendly appellation. O poor Charles, what were your feelings at that moment!"—Here the young girl turned her head away to wipe off some tears which had escaped from her eyes.

"Never did this faithful lover meet Helen without leaving her some remembrance of his affection: that day he had brought her the finest rose of his garden, still impearled with the morning dew. 'My dear Helen, my sweet friend,' said he, 'here is the finest rose of my garden.' 'You must keep it Charles,' she coldly answered; 'Helen will never again receive any flowers gathered by your hand.'

"The unhappy lover remained speechless; he perceived he had lost Helen's heart, he had lost her forever. 'Helen,' said he, 'you will no longer, then, receive my flowers; however, I will leave you this rose, you will pick it up—and perhaps you may let a tear fall on it when I am no longer here to offer you another.' In saying these words, he laid the rose on the ground before the cruel Helen, and departed.

"On his way he met a regiment of soldiers who were cheerfully departing for the wars. Charles addressed the commander—'Captain,' said he, 'I will become a soldier; give me arms and place me in your ranks.'—'Brave young man,' answered the Captain, 'here are arms, come with us and march to glory.'

"As soon as Helen saw her lover depart her heart failed her; for a long time she gazed at the beautiful rose which Charles had placed at her feet; at last she stooped and took it up: in inhaling its perfume she bathed it with her tears. O unhappy Charles! if thou couldst have seen this tear shining on thy rose, like a fine dew-drop! But he was far off; he never knew that Helen still loved him. Soon the proud shepherdess reproached herself for her assumed indifference, and no longer restrained the tears that weighed heavy on her heart. Her rose was wetted with them. She looked at it more than once; that rose which had been given her by Charles. She now raised the flower

she had disdained to her lips, and afterwards hid it carefully in her bosom. No one would have guessed it was there ; but it rested next her heart, and that was enough. 'O my beloved Charles !' she mentally exclaimed, 'forget my cruelty. To-morrow no more sadness—to-morrow I will give you as much happiness as to-day I have caused vexation.'

"To-morrow ! Ah, poor Helen, why put off till to-morrow the happiness you might have bestowed to-day ? To-morrow you promise yourself much pleasure, but to-morrow will prove a day of tears.

"The next day, almost as soon as the dawn of morning, Helen went to meet her lover ; her heart was gently agitated at the thoughts of seeing him again. Instead of Charles, some young maidens approached her. 'Helen,' said they, 'do you know that Charles has quitted the hamlet ? We saw him yesterday adorned with a cockade, marching in the ranks with the soldiers who are going to battle.'

"'Charles ! Charles gone !' cried Helen. Struck with this terrible blow, she fainted and fell ; they ran to her assistance, but it was a considerable time before she returned to life, and the first words she uttered were to ask for Charles. No one answered her inquiries, and poor Helen wept bitterly, then drew the rose from her bosom where it had remained. 'Here it is,' she said ; 'this flower will be the cause of all our misfortunes. Ah, Charles, why were you not informed that after your departure I placed it next my heart ? O my friends, never refuse the gifts of innocence which your lovers may offer you.'

"From that day, the heart-broken Helen withered with grief, like the rose which she always carried in her bosom. She asked of every one news of Charles ; if he would soon return ? and no one could answer her inquiries. At last news arrived, but it was fatal ; Charles had been killed in battle. Before he expired, he said to his best friend and

brother in arms, 'If you go to the hamlet where I was born, there you will see the insensible Helen ; tell her that Charles will offer her no more roses from his garden. Charles is dead ! and he loved her. I loved her, my friend,' added he, almost expiring ; 'do not forget to tell her I loved her.'

"After these words, life fled, and Helen had no longer a lover. Weep, weep, cruel maid, and endeavour to give life to the rose which died in your bosom, it is all that remains of Charles.

"But no, Helen wept not ; she looked up to Heaven, pressed the dried rose to her heart, died, and ceased to suffer. They doubly are united in the abode where God places the just, when they leave their earthly cares. Helen is at present happy, happy to all eternity, with her faithful and tender lover.

"Those who have survived her, have here deposited her earthly remains : here, beside this stream, is the spot which was once the garden of Charles. It is said that this rose-tree, whose aged root is covered with moss, is that from which Charles had gathered the fatal flower that Helen would not receive. It was placed with her in the tomb, and they both mouldered together ; but each spring the rose-tree produces fresh ones, which shed their leaves to embalm the tomb of Helen.

"If you have loved," added the young maiden, "if you still love, gather one of these roses ; but for your happiness only present it to your love when you are assured she will accept it, and that she will repay you with a smile."

Such was the narrative of this young maiden ; she looked once more at the rose-tree, sighed, arose, took up her pitcher, bade me adieu, and disappeared.

Like her, I again looked at the rose-tree, again read the epitaph ; with a religious respect I extended my hand over the rose I had already wished to gather, well convinced that my beloved would receive it with pleasure, and in my presence place it in her bosom.

La Belle Assemblée.

ANECDOTES OF BUONAPARTE,

Previous to his Exile.

THE employment of his confidential secretaries was, of all kinds of slavery, the least supportable. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue, nothing was regarded. A minute's absence would have been a crime. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest, all must be given up. The Baron de Maineval, the Baron de Fain, knew this by hard experience; but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence, the most implicit reliance on their discretion, and a truly loyal liberality. They both deserved his confidence. One day at two o'clock the Emperor went out to hunt: he will probably, as usual, be absent about four hours, Maineval calculates; it is his father's *jour de fête*: he may surely venture to leave the palace for a short time. He has bought a little villa, and is desirous to present it to his beloved father, and to give him the title deeds. He sets out, the whole family is collected, he is warmly greeted, they see him so seldom. The present is given, the joy increases, dinner is ready, and he is pressed to stop: he refuses, "the Emperor may return and ask for me."—"O, he won't be angry, you are never away." The entreaties redouble; at length he yields, and time flies swiftly when we are surrounded by those we love. In the mean time the Emperor returns, and even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.—"Maineval, let him be called."—They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient—"Well, Maineval!" They fear to tell him that he is absent, but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length Maineval returns.—"The Emperor has inquired for you, he is angry."—"All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He makes up his mind, however, and presents himself: his reception was terrible—"Where do you come from? go about your business. I do not want men who neglect their duty." Maineval trembling, retires: he did not sleep all night; he saw his hopes deceived, his services lost, his fortune missed—it was a dreadful night. Day at

length came; he reflected—"He did not give me a formal dismissal."—He dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet. Some moments after, the Emperor enters, looks at him, does not speak to him, writes a note, rises, and walks about. Maineval continues the task he has in hand, without lifting his eyes. The Emperor, with his hands behind his back, stops before him, and abruptly asks—"What is the matter with you? are you ill?"—"No, sire," timidly replies Maineval, rising up to answer.—"Sit down; you are ill; I don't like people to tell me falsehoods; I insist on knowing."—"Sire, the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty, deprived me of sleep."—"Where were you, then, yesterday?" Maineval told him the motives of his absence.—"I thought this little property would gratify my father."—"And where did you get the money to buy this house?"—"Sire, I had saved it out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me." The Emperor, after having looked at him steadily for a few moments, said, "Take a slip of paper, and write; the treasurer of my civil list will pay to the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs." He took the draft and signed it.—"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."—*La Belle Assem.*

DUC D'ENGHIEN.

THE French papers give circumstantial accounts of the digging up the remains of the unfortunate Duke d'Engghien in the ditch of the Castle of Vincennes, near where he was shot by order of Buonaparte. The peasant who had dug his grave is still living, and pointed out the spot. The different parts of the body were found—the face turned downwards, and the skull fractured by a large stone thrown upon it.—Not a particle of the skeleton was missing, with the single exception of one of his front teeth, which was probably broken by a musket ball. Seventy-three ducats were found upon him, and

all his trinkets—a circumstance which proves that the gens d'armes were not permitted, as usual, to strip their victim. According to the evidence taken before the inquest, the Prince pulled out one of his watches, near the place of execution, and offered it to a bystander to convey to a person whom he named. No person, however, would undertake the commission. The Prince then exclaimed with indignation—"What ! cannot the grandson of the great Condé find a Frenchman to execute his last will?"—He then steadfastly looked at the hole which was dug for his body, and turning to the gens d'armes, observed with a smile—"I am not afraid to die ; but I am sorry that I am about to receive my death from the hands of Frenchmen."—He then laid his right hand firmly on his breast, and said twice with a loud and manly voice—"Tirez

au cœur."—"Fire at the heart."—All the witnesses concurred in stating that Caulaincourt was present at the execution. It is said, that on the sham trial which took place, the men who composed the Council of War were struck with the intrepidity of his manner, and the firmness and candour of his language. They even hesitated at condemning him to death, and wrote to Buonaparte for his definitive determination. "Condemned to death," was the brief reply of the Usurper. At the Thuilleries, too, even in Buonaparte's presence, one effort was made to save his life. Cambaceres was for saving him. "And how long," said Buonaparte, turning full upon him in a rage, "have you been so saving of the blood of the Bourbons?" Half an hour after sentence was passed, the Prince was executed.—*Gent. Mag.*

NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS.

An American Sailor, who was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in 1810.

THE ship Charles, John Horton, master, of 280 tons, sailed from New York, June 17, 1810, with provisions for Gibraltar. The number of the crew, among which was Adams, was nine ; the cargo was discharged at Gibraltar, another was taken on board with an additional sailor. The Captain steered southward along the African coast, stating that he was bound to the Isle of May. Oct. 11, the vessel struck on a reef of rocks, that extended about three quarters of a mile into the sea. The place, according to the captain's reckoning, was about 400 miles north of Senegal. At day break, they were made prisoners by Moors, who divided the captives among them. Adams, with a youth named Stevens, a Portuguese, was carried inland, across a tedious desert, where these Arabs waylaid a negro village, watching for slaves, but were detected and taken. From hence they were sent to Tombuctoo. It was in this character that Adams, with his fellow prisoner, reached that town.

"Upon their arrival at Tombuctoo, the whole party was immediately taken before the king, who ordered the Moors into prison, but treated Adams and the Portuguese boy as curiosities ; taking them to his house, where they remained during their residence at Tombuctoo.

"For some time after their arrival, the Queen and her female attendants used to sit and look at Adams and his companion for hours together. She treated them with great kindness, and at the first interview offered them some bread baked under ashes.

"The King and Queen, the former of whom was named *Woollo*, the latter *Fatimo*, were very old grey-headed people. The Queen was extremely fat. Her dress was of blue nankin, edged with gold lace round the bosom and on the shoulder, and having a belt or stripe of the same material half way down the dress, which came only a few inches below the knees. The dress of the other females of Tombuctoo, though less ornamented than that of the Queen, was in

the same short fashion, so as that they wore no close under garments, they might, when sitting on the ground, as far as decency was concerned, as well have had no covering at all. The Queen's head-dress consisted of a blue nankeen turban; but this was worn only upon occasions of ceremony, or when she walked out. Besides the turban, she had her hair stuck full of bone ornaments of a square shape about the size of dice, extremely white: she had large gold hoop ear rings, and many necklaces, some of them of gold, the others made of beads of various colours. She wore no shoes; and, in consequence, her feet appeared to be as hard and dry "as the hoofs of an ass."*

"Besides the blue nankeen dress just described, the Queen sometimes wore an under dress of white muslin; and at other times a red one. This colour was produced by the juice of a red root which grows in the neighbourhood, about a foot and a half long. Adams never saw any silks worn by the Queen or any other inhabitant of Tombuctoo; for, although they have some silks brought by the Moors, they appeared to be used entirely for the purposes of external trade.

"The dress of the King was a blue nankeen frock decorated with gold, having gold epaulettes, and a broad wristband of the same metal. He sometimes wore a turban; but often went bare-headed. When he walked through the town he was generally a little in advance of his party. His subjects saluted him by inclinations of the head and body; or by touching his head with their hands, and then kissing their hands. When he received his subjects in his palace, it was his custom to sit on the ground, and their mode of saluting him on such occasions was by kissing his head.

"The King's house, or palace, which is built of clay and grass, (not white-washed) consists of eight or ten small rooms on the ground floor; and is surrounded by a wall of the same materials, against part of which the house is built. The space within the wall is about half an acre. Whenever a trader arrives, he

is required to bring his merchandize into this space for the inspection of the King, for the purpose, Adams thinks, (but is not certain,) of duties being charged upon it. The King's attendants, who are with him all the day, generally consist of about thirty persons, several of whom are armed with daggers and bows and arrows. Adams does not know if he had any family.

"In a store-room of the King's house Adams observed about twenty muskets, apparently of French manufacture, one of them double-barreled; but he never saw them made use of.

"For a considerable time after the arrival of Adams and his companion, the people used to come in crowds to stare at them; and he afterwards understood that many persons came several days' journey on purpose. The Moors remained closely confined in prison; but Adams and the Portuguese boy had permission to visit them. At the end of about six months, there arrived a company of trading Moors with tobacco, who after some weeks ransomed the whole party. Adams does not know the precise quantity of tobacco which was paid for them, but it consisted of the lading of five camels, with the exception of about fifty pounds weight received by the Moors. The Moors seemed to be well known at Tombuctoo, which place, he understood, they were accustomed to visit every year during the rainy season."

Tombuctoo has no walls, nor any thing resembling a fortification; it is built in a straggling manner; the houses are square boxes, made of sticks, clay and grass; the rooms are all on the ground floor; they have no furniture, except earthen jars, wooden bowls, and grass mats, on which the people sleep. It does not stand on the great river Neele, or the Joliba, but ten or twelve miles distant from it, on a stream that runs into it.

"The natives of Tombuctoo are a stout, healthy race, and are seldom sick, although they expose themselves by lying out in the sun at mid-day, when the heat is almost insupportable to a white man. It is the universal practice of both sexes

* Adams's expression.

to grease themselves all over with butter produced from goat's milk, which makes the skin smooth, and gives it a shining appearance. This is usually renewed every day; when neglected, the skin becomes rough, greyish and extremely ugly. They usually sleep under cover at night; but sometimes in the hottest weather, they will lie exposed to the night air with little or no covering notwithstanding that the fog which rises from the river descends like dew, and in fact, at that season, supplies the want of rain.

"All the males of Tombuctoo have an incision on their faces from the top of the forehead down to the nose, from which proceed other lateral incisions over the eyebrows, into all of which is inserted a blue dye, produced from a kind of ore which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The women have also incisions on their faces, but in a different fashion; the lines being from two to five in number, cut on each cheek bone, from the temple straight downwards; they are also stained with blue. These incisions being made on the faces of both sexes when they are about twelve months old, the dyeing material which is inserted in them becomes scarcely visible as they grow up.

"Except the King and Queen and their companions, who had a change of dress about once a week, the people were in general very dirty, sometimes not washing themselves for twelve or fourteen days together. Besides the Queen, who, as has been already stated, wore a profusion of ivory and bone ornaments in her hair, some of a square shape and others about as thick as a shilling, but rather smaller, (strings of which she also wore about her wrists and ankles) many of the women were decorated in a similar manner; and they seemed to consider hardly any favour too great to be conferred on the person who would make them a present of these precious ornaments. Gold ear-rings were much worn. Some of the women had also rings on their fingers; but these appeared to Adams to be of brass; and as many of the latter had letters upon them (but whether in the Roman or Arabic characters,

Adams cannot tell) he concluded both from this circumstance, and from their workmanship, that they were not made by the Negroes, but obtained from the Moorish traders."

It does not appear that they have any public religion, as they have no house of worship, no priest, and as far as Adams could discover, never meet together to pray. The only ceremony that appeared like an act of prayer was on occasion of the death of any of the inhabitants, when their relatives assembled and sat round the corpse. The burial is unattended with any ceremony. The deceased are buried in the clothes in which they die, at a small distance to the south west of the town.

Adams does not believe that any of the Negroes could write. He can form no idea of the population of Tombuctoo; but thinks that on one occasion, he saw as many as two thousand inhabitants assembled. He did not observe any shops; he never saw the Negroes find any gold; but he understood, that it was procured out of the mountains, and on the banks of rivers to the southward; no doubt, in the manner described by Parke. He saw no rain, except a few drops just before his departure: yet there is rain in winter. He never saw the Joliba; but had heard it mentioned. Moors are not settled in this city; they are only allowed to trade there.

Very different are these particulars from those formerly in circulation; they are not, however, the less entitled to reception.

The route homewards abounds in vicissitudes. A different course from that by which the prisoners arrived, equally led them across deserts; at the distance of thirteen days from Tombuctoo, is Tudenny, distinguished by four wells of excellent water, and large ponds or beds of salt, from which the country round about to a great distance is supplied. A desert of twenty-nine days succeeded; hunger, thirst, exhausted strength, and death. At length a watering place, and a village of tents, afforded relief; and here Adams and his companions were employed in taking

care of goats and sheep, during eleven months. Here despair of liberty led Adams to revolt, and flight; he reached another village, obtained another master and, a *mistress*, too; but, the intercourse was detected; and the culprit was again sold, to a purchaser whose residence being at Wadinoon, to the north-

ward, brings him so much nearer home. Here he found three of his fellow sailors in the *Charles*, was ill treated, put in irons, and doomed to death, but at length was ransomed by the British Vice Consul, and brought into his service, whence he gradually proceeded by way of Mogadore and Cadiz, to London.

Concluded in our next.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

Paris, August, 1815.

WE sailed from Dover about one o'clock in the afternoon; it was like an afternoon's sailing on a lake, so smooth was the sea. Not having ever been in France before, I looked with eagerness towards the shore of the new land, to make out its form and colouring, and now and then turned my eyes back to the coast of England, as if between these opposite shores some difference might be discovered analagous to the great difference between the nations, by which they are inhabited. Nature seemed to favour my fancy; over France the sky appeared bright and gay, whilst the cliffs of England were shrouded in a dark mantle, through which the sun presented a red, broad, fiery orb, round which the dark clouds alternately closed, and broke into fantastic forms,—a grand, interesting spectacle, which attracted the notice of all the passengers.

Wind and tide having both failed our packet at eight o'clock, four miles from Calais, several muskets were fired, and other signals made by our captain, for boatmen to come to our vessel. At last, when it was almost dark, a large board came alongside of us. The rowers, when putting their oars into the water, rose from their seats, and fell back upon them as they made the pull. I imagined from the beginning that I saw the lights in the houses of Calais, but soon discovered mistake. The water, as it was turned up by the oars, emitted a silvery light, which increased in brilliancy, as the night grew darker. I now perceived many such lights in different directions, and was told that they proceeded from the waves along the shore. This phenomenon soon presented itself in all its splendour, as we

neared the land. The waves, as they reached the shore, and were turned, emitted from their edges a brilliant light, just as if a train of gas-lights were instantaneously lighted along a line of several miles, and as suddenly extinguished, to be renewed again as rapidly. The sea continued smooth, and the lights of the South Foreland were seen twinkling like a cluster of stars. Our boatmen now seemed to consult, with great seriousness about the safest place to put our boat upon the sands, which they always contrive to do in sufficient depth of water, to require the assistance of their townsmen to carry the passengers on shore. Now you might behold through the darkness of the night the forms of men in long procession, advancing with a strange noise towards our boat, whilst streams of light trailed from their naked legs, as they furrowed the water. I was directed by two of them, to place my thighs on their shoulders, but in our passage thro' the water, I found that one of the men was much shorter than the other, which placed me in such a situation, that I could not have endured it a moment longer, when they put me down on the shore. We were now led over the sands to a place where we had to clamber up a broken ladder to get upon the pier, and after stumbling in the dark over the ropes with which the ships were fastened, we arrived at the Custom-house. This, by the light of only a lanthorn, appeared like a den of banditti, where several men were lying on sacks on the ground. From among these, one grotesque figure rose yawning, and being informed that we had left our baggage on board, allowed us to proceed.

Who, but those who have had the evidence of their own senses, could believe,

that so great difference should exist between two shores in sight of each other, as is exhibited here between England and France? The English traveller is surprised at almost every thing, that surrounds him—the lofty ceilings of the bedrooms; bed-curtains fixed at the wainscot almost at the height of the ceilings, terminating in a covering like the canopy of a throne; stone floors even on the upper stories; immense chimnies yawning at him in an almost circular form, adorned, or rather deformed, by heavy marble scrolls of a sombre colour, having still in them the cinders of last winter; ponderous frames, with bad wavy glass in the lofty windows; antique chests of drawers, or Chinese cabinets out of repair; shallow wash-basins without soap, except in some English hotels; stone stairs with iron balustrades. These, however, together with the stone floors, provide an excellent security against the spreading of a fire, whilst the construction of the generality of the houses in England promotes the conflagration to the annual destruction of so many valuable lives. The modern ornaments in these large rooms consist principally of fine gilt clocks, large pier glasses, paper hangings with landscapes, building and figures, and pictures, of which nymphs and cupids generally form the subject.

Dessin's hotel is known to be built upon a considerable scale, forming a large square yard. This yard presents a good epitome of the carriages and positions of most parts of France, and the contrast between them and the English carriages. Here you may see a tall fellow in immense boots (his black hair tied in a dirty queue, with a little powder about it, whilst the whole of the back and collar of his doat is incrustated with it,) standing across one of his small jaded horses, rousing the animals, by the cracking of his whip, to their last effort, to dray, in some degree of style into the yard, a heavy, old, crazy, and jolting vehicle, which has not been cleaned, because, as Swift's groom observed, it would soon grow dirty again. Anon in comes, galloping and cracking his whip, some dapper foreign courier, full of the consequence of the dispatches he has in his wallet. Yonder you see a group of

strange figures about an elegant English carriage, to which a set of poor looking French horses are harnessed with dirty ropes; whilst some tall meagre dark figures in great coats, black stocks, and immense cocked hats are stalking about the yard, like ghosts of departed heroes of former times.

Among the idle spectators in the yard, there was a figure, nothing like to which is to be met with on English ground; between two hollow caverned eyes a large aquiline nose projected from under a cocked hat, so old, so greasy, rusty, and crooked, that no beggar would pick it up in London streets. There was a martial air about this little man, and there might be the soul of another Buonaparte in him, undeveloped by favourable circumstances.

In the harbour of Calais a column has been erected in commemoration of the landing of Louis XVIII. and a brass plate has been fixed in the stones of the quay, with an impression of the form of the king's foot, which he there set on French ground for the first time since his exile.

While taking a solitary evening walk round the ramparts of this place, with the sea and coast of England in view, the mind is naturally led to a recollection of the history of former times; and the fact of some patriotic inhabitants of this place voluntarily offering, after the memorable siege, their lives as a sacrifice for the salvation of their fellow citizens, made me look upon the descendants of such men with respect. In the church of this place I found nothing remarkable, except a whole length figure of our Saviour carved and painted white with the wounds marked with red, lying under an arch, as in a tomb. There were many candles burning before this tomb, which served to make the gloom and dirtiness of it the more visible. The persons who were kneeling before this tomb, and praying from their books, appeared to me only females of an advanced age. I met some of them coming out, after a walk I took about the church: I was struck with the respectable appearance of some of these matrons, their heads in plain cambric caps, the pallid colour of their fine skin setting off the darkness of their eyes, where still might be seen a gleam of their former fires; they now appar-

ently sought a refuge at this shrine from the *illusions* of this world. Quand on a passé le tems des illusions (says Voltaire)

l' on ne goute plus de cette vie, on la traine.

To be continued.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

SIR,
HEREWITH you have anecdotes of the battle of Waterloo, never before published. It appears plain, that Bonaparte, by dint of his cannon and cavalry, whose attacks compelled the formation of squares, and prevented an earlier charge of bayonets, expected that he should so thin the British troops, as to render final resistance unavailing; but he lost so many of his cavalry in this attempt, that his guards were cut to pieces in the final attack of the English by the bayonet and Lord Uxbridge's dragoons.

CLERICUS.

Copy of a Letter from JOHN LEWIS, a private in the 95th Regiment of Rifle Corps, to his Parents at Axminster.

France, and not only that, but in Paris, thank God!
July 8, 1815.

Dear Father and Mother,

I make no doubt but you have heard of the glorious news, and I suppose you thought I was killed or wounded, but yesterday is the first day we have halted since the beginning of the battle on the 18th of June, and my hands are swelled so with walking day and night, that I scarce can hold my pen. I do not know what the English Newspapers say about the battle, but, thank God, I am living, and was an eye-witness to the beginning of the battle—to the ending of it; but my pen cannot explain to you, nor twenty sheets of paper would not contain, what I could say about it; for thank God, I had my strength and health more on the days we was engaged than I had in my life; so what I am going to tell you is the real truth; but I think my brother Tom, as he is such a scholar, if he was to look in the Newspapers, he might see what officers was killed and wounded of the 95th regiment: we have but six companions in the country, and after the battle we were only 255 privates; 2 colonels, 1 major, 15 officers, 11 serjeants, and 1 buglar, were killed; my first-rank

man was wounded by part of a shell through his foot, and he dropt as we was advancing; I covered the next man I saw, and had not walked twenty steps before a musket-shot came side-ways and took his nose clean off; and then I covered another man, which was the third; just after that the man that stood next to me on my left hand had his left arm shot off by a nine-pound shot, just above his elbow, and he turned round and caught hold of me with his right hand, and the blood run all over my trowsers; we was advancing, and he dropt directly. After this, was ordered to extend the front of all our large guns, and small arms firing at the British lines in our rear, and I declare to God, with our guns and the French guns firing over our heads, my pen cannot explain any thing like it; it was not 400 yards from the French lines to our British lines, and we was about 150 yards in front of our's, so we was about 250 yards from the French, and sometimes not 100 yards; so I leave you to judge if I had not a narrow escape of my life: as I just said, we now extended in front; Boney's imperial horse guards, all clothed in armour, made a charge at us; we saw them coming and we all closed in and formed a square just as they came within ten yards of us, and they found they could do no good with us; they fired with their carbine on us, and came to the right about directly, and at that moment the man on my right hand was shot through the body, and the blood run out at his belly and back like a pig stuck in the throat; he dropt on his side; I spoke to him, he just said, "Lewis, I am done!" and died directly. All this time we kept up a constant fire at the imperial guards as they retreated, but they often came to the right-about and fired; and, as I was loading my rifle, one of their shots came and struck my rifle, not two inches above my left hand,

as I was ramming down the ball with my right hand, and broke the stock, and bent the barrel in such a manner that I could not get the ball down; just at that time we extended again, and my rifle was of no use to me; a nine-pound shot came and cut the sergeant of our company right in two, he was not above three file from me, so I threw down my rifle and went and took his rifle, as it was not hurt at the time. We had lost both our colonels, major, and two eldest captains, and only a young captain to take command of us; as for Colonel Wade he was sent to England about three weeks before the battle. Seeing we had lost so many men and all our commanding officers, my heart began to fail, and Boney's guards made another charge on us; but we made them retreat as before, and while we was in square the second time, the Duke of Wellington and his staff came up to us in all the fire, and saw we had lost all our commanding officers; he, himself, gave the word of command; the words he said to our regiment were this—95th, unfix your swords, left face and extend yourselves once more, we shall soon have them over the other hill!—and then he rode away on our right, and how he escaped being shot God only knows, for all that time the shot was flying like hail-stones. This was about four o'clock on the 18th June, when Lord Wellington rode away from our regiment; and then we advanced like Britons, but we could not go five steps without walking over dead and wounded; and Boney's horses of the imperial guards, that the men was killed, was running loose about in all directions. If our Tom had been a little behind in the rear, he might have caught horses enough to had a troop or two like Sir John Delapole. Lord Wellington declared to us this morning, that it was the hardest battle that he had ever seen fought in his life: but now, thank God, all is over, and we are very comfortable in Paris, and I hope we shall remain here and have our Christmas dinner in Paris, for London cannot compare to it; I hardly know how to spare time to write this, for I want to go out about the

city, for it is four o'clock, and the letters go off at five; but I must say a little more on the other side:—We was all very quiet in quarters till the 15th June, when the orders came all at once, at twelve o'clock at night, for every man to be ready in one hour, and march at one o'clock; there we was all in a bustle, and off we goes, and it was not light, there was no moon: the orders was, that the French was making different movements on our left, about twenty-two leagues from us; mind the day of the month,—I say this day, the 16th, we marched till eleven o'clock that night, which was twenty-two hours march for us the first day, and we walked thirteen leagues in that time, or thirty-nine English miles; being dark, General Clinton ordered us to lie down on the road-side for two hours; so we halted, and every man got half pint of real rum to keep up his spirits; we set off again at ten o'clock in the morning on the 17th June, and marched nine leagues, about four o'clock in the afternoon; then we was in front of the enemy, but the rain fell so hard that the oldest soldiers there never saw the like in their life, I really thought that heaven and earth was coming together. There was a few shots fired on both sides that night, but the guns would not go off. We was on one long high hill, and the French on another, facing us; there was a large wood behind us, and Lord Wellington told us to get wood, and make us large fires and dry ourselves, and get our guns fit by day, as the enemy could not hurt us. So we made large fires, and they was about four miles in length; and when the French saw it, they did the same, and it was one of the most beautiful sight I ever saw; and the next morning, as soon as it was light, we went at it dingdong, and drove all before us, till yesterday, the 7th July, that we entered Paris; but ever since the 15th June, till 7th July, we have only laid down on the ground with our cloaths on; so leave you to judge if I am not fatigued out.

Blucher rode by the side of Lord Wellington yesterday, when we entered Paris. As we was on the advance after

the French army, every town we came to the people was all fled to Paris, and had taken away what they could; and British, Prussian, and Russian army, broke their houses open and plundered what was most good, and set fire to some. Wine was more plentiful than water, for all their cellars were full of wine, the same as Tucker's is full of cyder, and that was the first place the soldiers broke open. I have often been in cellars, and what wine we could not drink and carry

away, broke in the heads of the casks and let it run about. We marched through towns as large as Exeter, and not a person to be seen, but all locked up and window shutters fastened. There is, at this time upwards of 700,000 soldiers in Paris and the suburbs: but, as for Boney and his army, it is gone, God knows where; when I have my answer to this, shall write you again. Hope to sleep sound to-night, so no more from your affectionate son, JOHN LEWIS.

DEFENCE OF BYRON'S POEMS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
THE works of Lord Byron, Walter Scott, Campbell, Southey, and the other narrative poets of the present day, have formed a new, and, in my opinion, a splendid era in the history of English poetry. The narrative school (if I may use the expression) is distinguished by its rejection of all those rules which have no foundation in nature or in reason, but which owe their celebrity to almost immemorial prescription, and the authority of some great names of antiquity. We have at length, it may be hoped, shaken off our classic buskins, and begun to think and feel for ourselves, without losing any due reverence for the masters of ancient literature. Critical faith, like religious, is best when founded on conviction, not accepted from the authority of others; and, whenever our admiration of former masters impels us to emulate their celebrity, let us remember the aphorism in your last number: "the less we copy the ancients, the more we shall resemble them."

I have been led into these remarks by observing an attack in your last on the poetry of the narrative school in general, and of Lord Byron in particular. Your correspondent W. N. considers the writings of this popular poet as neither natural nor pleasing, abounding with plagiarisms, and being withal "a mere jumble of affectation and common-place." These are bold assertions; and W. N. would have done well, before making them, to have so far overcome his aver-

sion to "long poetical narratives" as to have read the poems he criticised. Nothing can be more captious and idle than the objections which he makes to the characters, introduced in his lordship's poems. Lord Byron paints from nature; and, therefore, critics who seek for those pretty, meek, unspotted characters,

"Those faultless monsters which the world ne'er saw,"

but with which the writings of our novelists and milk-and-water poets abound, will find themselves disappointed. The charge of uniformity, though a trite one, is quite groundless. Nothing can be more dissimilar, for instance, than the characters of the Giaour and Selim, of Lara and Otho; and, even where some similarity may be traced, as in Conrad, the Giaour, and Childe Harold, the uniformity is only in *character*, for the *situations* are totally distinct.

Lord Byron's finest female character is Gulnare. Young, and lovely, and intelligent, irreconcilable in her hatred, but unshaken in her love; she is stained, with crimes of the deepest dye, but they have "left her woman still." Her love is natural, it has its origin in gratitude, it is disinterested, its object is in misfortune and captivity; it is constant, for she procures his release, accompanies him to distant lands, partakes his sorrows, follows him in battle, receives his dying breath, and at length

"-----lies by him she loved,
Her tale untold, her truth too dearly proved."

And yet this is one of those who, according to your correspondent, "neither say or do any thing to mark their characters."

The detections which your correspondent thinks he has made of his lordship's plagiarisms are curious. They are in the very spirit of Lander, and will remind your readers of that correspondent of the *Mirror*, who charges him with plagiarism, and informs him that his last number "is to be found, every word of it, in a book called Johnson's Dictionary."

Whether Lord Byron is 'indebted to "the capricious dominion of fashion" for any part of his present popularity, I shall not enquire; for, if such be the case, it only proves that fashion and good sense are for once, at least, in conjunction. That many pieces of no real merit receive "sudden and tumultuous approbation," is undoubted; but it does

not therefore follow that all pieces which receive sudden and tumultuous approbation are of no real merit. But your correspondent is probably one of those,

"Who so much hate the crowd, that, if the throng
"By chance go right, they purposely go wrong."

In my humble opinion, it is long since England has possessed a writer so well entitled to the name of poet, as Lord Byron. He displays a power of language, and a choice of imagery, an intensity of feeling, and a profundity of thought, to which our fashionable poetry had been too long a stranger; and his style I will boldly pronounce to be the most nervous and expressive rhyme in the English language:

"'Tis musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

H. N.

MARTIN GUERRE,

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND.

MARTIN GUERRE was born in Biscay, and married in his eleventh year, January 1539, to Bertrande de Rols, of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a damsel as young as himself, and equally distinguished for beauty and good sense. This couple lived together, in respect to being fortunate, comfortable enough, though for the first eight or nine years they had no children. However, after the tenth year of her marriage, she brought him a son named Sanxi. Not long after, Martin, having defrauded his father of a quantity of corn, thought fit to withdraw in order to avoid his resentment. At first, in all probability, he did not intend to absent himself long, but being either charmed with the liberty he enjoyed, or having conceived a dislike for his wife, which neither prudence nor beauty can always prevent, he for above eight years together forbore giving the least notice to her or his family, where he was. This might well exasperate a young woman in Bertrande's circumstances; but so exceptionable was her

character, that she never did any thing which deserved blame, nor provoked the tongue even of those who are ready to censure without reason. At the end of eight years she was congratulated by her husband's four sisters, his uncle, and her own relations on his return; she who had sighed deeply for his absence was extremely joyful, and in the space of three years had two children by this renewal of marriage, one of which died as soon as it was born. During this space she and her new restored husband lived with great tranquillity at Artigues, where he transacted several affairs, sold estates there and in Biscay, and signed the contracts in due form.

But after some time, all of a sudden, Bertrande caused him to be apprehended, and presented a bill of complaint against him before the criminal judge of Rieux, praying in the close thereof, "that he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the King for the breach of his laws. To demand pardon of God, the King, and her, in his shirt and a lighted torch

in his hand, declaring that he had falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon her, in assuming the name and pressing himself upon her for Martin Guerre, and that he should be further adjudged to pay her two thousand livres for cost and damages."

This prosecution occasioned various conjectures; many were of opinion that it arose from some distaste the woman had taken to the man, or that it was a piece of revenge on account of a quarrel between them, others considering the good character which she had hitherto borne, and that she was naturally of a mild, complying temper, imagined that she was at first easily prevailed on to believe this man her husband, and again as easily persuaded to give credit to the suggestions of Peter Guerre, her husband's uncle, who with some person in the town pretended to have discovered him to be an impostor, and persuaded her to apply to the magistrate. They concluded thus, because it is no uncommon thing for persons of an indolent disposition to act like mere machines, as they are influenced by others. On the other hand, the man exclaimed against the wicked conspiracy which his relations and his wife had formed against him. He pleaded in his defence before the judge of Rieux, that Peter Guerre, his uncle, had contrived this plot merely with a view to possess himself of his effects, which were of the value of eight thousand livres; that he had drawn in his wife through the weakness of her understanding to be a party in this black affair, and that a more execrable villainy was never heard of.

He related the reasons which induced him to leave his habitation, and his adventures from the time he quitted it; he said that he served the King in his wars between seven and eight years, that afterwards he enlisted himself in the troops of the king of Spain, but that most earnestly desiring to return to his dear wife and family, he quitted that service in a few months, and made the best of his way to Artigues; that on his arrival he had the satisfaction of being received notwithstanding the alteration which time and the cutting off his hair might have made, with the utmost joy

by all his relations and acquaintances, not excepting this very Peter Guerre who has stirred up this present prosecution.

That this man having very frequently differed with him since his coming home, their quarrels had sometimes produced blows, and that once he would have killed him with a bar of iron had not his wife interposed. These particulars he digested into his answer to the bill of complaint preferred by Bertrande de Rols, praying in the close thereof, "that his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe that she was yet so wicked a woman as absolutely to deny the truth; that his calumniators might according to the laws of equity, be condemned to suffer those punishments they would have inflicted upon him; that Bertrande de Rols should be taken out of the power of his enemies, and be hindered from dissipating his effects; in fine, that he should be declared innocent of the crime alledged against him, and the prosecution be dismissed with costs." He submitted to a long examination before the criminal judge, who interrogated him as to matters which happened in Biscay, the place of Martin Guerre's birth, his father, his mother, brothers, sisters, and other relations; as to the year, the month, and the day of his (Martin Guerre's) marriage; his father-in-law, mother-in-law, the persons who were present at the nuptials, those who dined with them, their different dresses, the priest who performed the ceremony, all the little circumstances that happened that day and the next; even naming the people who put them to bed. His answers were clear and distinct to each of these points; and as if he had not been satisfied with performing what the judge required of him, he spoke of his own accord of his son Sanxi, of the day he was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met with on the road, of the towns he had passed through in France and Spain, of the persons he had seen in both kingdoms, and that nothing might be wanting to confirm his innocence, he named many persons who were able to testify the truth of what he had declared.

The court ordered Bertrande de Rols

and several other persons whom the accused had cited to answer upon interrogation, which they did; Bertrande answered in a manner that agreed exactly with all that the accused had advanced, except that she related the length of time they were without children. He was then questioned as to that point, and his replies were such as tallied exactly with what Bertrande had said, and faltered not in the slightest circumstance. He was next confronted with the woman he called his wife, and with all the witnesses, upon which he renewed his demand that she might be kept safely and apart from his enemies, which was granted. He offered certain objections to the credit of the witnesses produced against him, and required that a monitory should be published, exhorting all persons to come in and give what light they could as to the subornation of Bertrande de Rols, and the character of the witnesses he had impeached: this was allowed him. But at the same time it was directed that an inquisition should be taken at the several places following, viz. at Pine, at Sagias, and at Artigues, of all the facts which might concern Martin Guerre, the accused, and Bertrande de Rols, and the reputation of the witnesses. All the discoveries on these proceedings were perfectly favorable to Bertrande, confirming her virtuous character, and proved she had not lost her senses during the absence of her husband, as the pleading suggested. In respect to the accused, of near one hundred and fifty witnesses that were examined, between thirty and forty deposed that he was really Martin Guerre, that they had known him, and conversed with him from his infancy; that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, air, tone of voice, and that they moreover were convinced of the truth of what they asserted by certain scars and secret marks which it was impossible for time to efface. On the other hand, a greater number of witnesses deposed positively he was one Arnold du Tilh, of Sagias, and was commonly called Pansette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, air, and voice. The rest of the witnesses, to the number of sixty and upwards, declared that there was so strong a resemblance between these two

persons, that it was impossible for them to declare whether the accused was Martin Guerre, or Arnold du Tilh. The criminal judge of Rieux ordered two inquiries and reports to be made to him, one with regard to the likeness or unlikeness of Sanxi Guerre to the accused, the other as to the likeness of the same child to the sisters of Martin Guerre. On the first it was found that Sanxi did not resemble the accused at all, and on the second that he was very like his father's sisters. In short, upon these circumstances, this judge thought proper to pronounce definitive sentence as follows—"That (the accused) Arnold du Tilh is guilty and convicted of being an impostor, and for that crime is condemned to lose his head, and further that his body be divided into quarters."

This judgment was by many accounted too quick and too severe, for without arrogating to himself divine inspiration, people were at a loss to know on what ground the judge of Rieux founded his decision; matters appearing to other eyes so perplexed, that those who were well acquainted with the proofs on both sides, knew not what to make of the matter. The public was therefore far from being displeased that the convict appealed to the Parliament of Thoulouse, and this extraordinary cause now making a great noise, every one began to regard it with the utmost attention. That august assembly having received proper information of what had been done below, began to take all the necessary measures for a further inquiry with the utmost caution. In the first place, they ordered Peter Guerre and Bertrande de Rols to be confronted in open court with the person whom they accused, but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations the accused maintained so steady a countenance, spoke with such an air of assurance and truth, and answered every question with such quickness and perspicuity, that the members of that venerable tribunal readily concluded that he was the real Martin Guerre. While on the other hand, the terror and confusion of Peter Guerre and Bertrande de Rols was so great, that they created strong suspicion of their being false accusers. But as the circumstances could not be considered as full

evidence, an inquisition was ordered as to the principal facts in dispute, with this limitation that none but new witnesses should be examined. The wise and prudent ordinance of the Parliament of Thoulouse was so far from procuring new light, that it served only to render this intricate affair still more obscure than it was before. Thirty new witnesses were examined; nine or ten of these were positive this was Martin Guerre, and seven or eight were as positive that he was Arnold du Tilh. The rest having weighed all circumstances, and being afraid of injuring their consciences, declared plainly that they would not swear which he was. The Parliament was now more in doubt than ever; they could not concur with the criminal judge of Rieux, and yet they were afraid of discharging the accused; but in order to put an end to so odd a cause, they summed up the proofs on both sides. On the one hand it appeared that forty-five witnesses had affirmed in terms the most express that he was not Martin Guerre, but Arnold du Tilh, which they said they were better enabled to do, be-

cause they had known both persons intimately, ate and drank with them, and conversed constantly with them from their very childhood, nay, some of them went still further, for Carbon Barreau, uncle by the mother's side of Arnold du Tilh, acknowledged he was his nephew, and observing the irons that were upon his legs, bitterly lamented his misfortune in having a relation in such circumstances; he further said, he had at times been concerned in several contracts with his nephew, and he actually produced those writings signed by Arnold du Tihl. Most of the witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre was taller and of a darker complexion, that he was slender in his body and legs, stooping in the shoulders, his chin forked and turned up, his lower lip hanging, his nose large and flat, the mark of an ulcer in his face, and a scar on his right eye-brow; whereas Arnold du Tihl was a squat, well-set man, having thick legs, did not stoop, neither had he a flat nose, but in his face, indeed, he had the same marks with Martin Guerre.

Continued page 77.

THE END OF THE WORLD!

Mr. Editor,

I WAS in expectation that either yourself or some of your correspondents might have called the attention of your readers to a subject which has lately spread terror and alarm over great part of civilized Europe, and fairly frightened some of our own old women out of their lives—I allude to the notion, that the world was to be at an end on the 18th of July last. Though I have no wish that you should register in your pages the names of all who have cut their throats, or hanged themselves in their garters, to escape the threatened catastrophe, still I am of opinion, that some reference to follies of this kind is not beneath the character of works which profess to be “abstracts and brief chronicles of the times.” With this impression, I transmit to you some observations by a French periodical writer, who has treated the subject in such a humorous man-

ner, that I trust your readers will derive amusement at least from their insertion.

Of the End of the World.

How courageous we are grown again! Because the world was not destroyed on the 18th of July, we imagine that it will never be at an end, and laugh as if we had never been afraid. Like sailors whosing hymns during a storm, and blaspheme as profanely as ever on the return of fine weather, we are again become philosophers, we ridicule the good women who said their prayers, and ask with a sneer when the end of the world is to happen. Only have patience, gentlemen—it will come I promise you. Yes, the end of the world is nearer than you may imagine. A bran new *Cosmogony*, which appeared in 1815, in only four thick volumes, devotes one of its numerous chapters to the *End of the World*.

That you may be able perfectly to comprehend this *end*, I must give you some idea of the *beginning*.

Before time was, all that constitutes the universe was nothing but caloric. Caloric is the *primary matter*, the *sole matter* of the universe. God created nothing but caloric, and then consigned his work to the influence of secondary causes. Now, in this ocean of caloric, atoms became united from juxta-position and formed the *primary molecules*: these primary molecules in their turn, formed the *elementary molecules*. The latter, gravitating towards one another, at length formed one single globe, which must have been of tolerable size, since it comprehended the substance of all the suns, all the planets, all the satellites, and all the comets possible and probable.

This pretty globe, justly denominated the *generating sphere*, took fire, and its innumerable volcanoes projected from time to time thousands of suns this way and millions that way, which, though they might be thousands or millions of miles in circumference, were, nevertheless, but atoms compared with the parent sphere. Unluckily for us, this sphere thought fit to launch us into space some thousands of years before our sun, a circumstance which brings us much nearer to the end of the world. Our globe was then a sun; it has since cooled considerably and decreased in bulk. Its rotary motion, which is continually becoming slower, will some day cease entirely; we shall then fall upon the sun, and the sun in its turn growing old and infirm, will tumble upon the generating sphere from which it issued. All the other heavenly bodies will become extinct, and fall in like manner some billions of centuries one after another: the generating sphere itself will grow old like its progeny. I am only surprized that the parent should be the last to feel the effects of age. It will become motionless, useless, incapable of farther generation, and all the extinguished suns, all the planets, all the satellites, all the comets, united into one mass will form in the midst of immensity but one vast scoria, a *caput mortuum*, huge mass of dross, which will continue in this state to all eternity. A nobler purpose truly could

not have been assigned to the creation. But what particularly interests us in the great catastrophe is this:—the author allows the sun only *some billions of centuries* for refrigeration, and a few more billions of centuries after it has become uninhabited, till it involves us in its own destruction. These *billions of centuries* had somewhat relieved my apprehensions lest I should witness the end of the world; but, unfortunately, we are older than the sun, and these billions of centuries may possibly be no more than millions of years for us, which consideration renews all my alarm. Add to this, that the moon is to fall upon us; and who can tell whether she is to fall on the tower of Nankin or the towers of Notre D  me?—an uncertainty which ought to make our freethinkers somewhat more circumspect. Here, then, is a very rational *end of the world*! Perhaps you would like to have another—Well! I will try to suit you, for I have a whole collection.

It has been positively demonstrated—for the system-makers are never at a loss for demonstration—that the aqueous fluid of our globe is daily diminishing. The earth, the stones, the marbles, the calcareous mountains, are evidently the products of the digestion of oysters, polypi, & testacea in general. Now these little animals cannot possibly create large stones without employing the aqueous principle in the process; and the water which enters into the composition of these minerals is so much taken from the general reservoir. The ocean, therefore, is daily sinking, and our poor earth is drying up, as the present summer in particular has irrefragably proved. Besides, is it not well known, that the sea is retiring in the gulf of Bothnia, in the Arabian gulf, on the coast of Languedoc, and every where else? There will, therefore, come a day, when not a drop of water will be left on the globe; it will then take fire; the burning minerals will give out in vapour all the water that they contain; this water will rise in the atmosphere as an a  riform fluid; it will there be condensed and descend in tremendous torrents of rain. This will be the thirty or forty thousandth deluge; the surface of the globe will be one vast

sea ; the gems which have withstood the general conflagration will float upon this ocean in the form of organic molecules, or small zoophytes ; in the course of billions of ages these zoophytes will become lobsters, or craw-fish ; these lobsters, tatooos ; these tatooos, apes ; and these apes, men, who, after some more billions of centuries, will build cities, compose operas, and invent cosmogonies. As for the generation now living, we shall all be burned, and our funeral pile will be kindled when there is no more water upon the earth—a consideration which ought to make us tremble now that water is become so scarce.

If my readers are not pleased with these two modes of putting an end to the world, I shall present them with a third, which is more closely connected with the exact sciences, which threatens our globe alone, and even leaves some of us a faint gleam of hope. In 1773, when Lalande announced a Memoir, in which he determined such of the known comets as may approach nearest to the earth, Paris and all France trembled at the idea, and imagined themselves on the eve of being crushed to atoms. A great geometrician who has explained the system of the world in a most complete manner, and whose work gives law on that subject, has kindly relieved us from some of our fears respecting the rude comets of Lalande: but he has by no means removed all cause for apprehension, as may be seen from the following passage:—

“The little probability of such a collision, may, in the course of a long series of ages, *become very great*.”—Now we know that it is a great many ages since any comet struck against our globe.—

“It is easy to imagine the effects of such a shock upon our earth. The axis of the rotatory motion changed ; the seas forsaking their ancient beds and rushing towards the new equator ; a great part of the human race and of the animals drowned in this universal deluge, or destroyed by the violent shock given to the terrestrial globe ; whole species annihilated ; all the monuments of human industry swept away—such are the disasters which the collision of a comet must produce. Hence we see why the

ocean has covered the lofty mountains, upon which it has left incontestible marks of its presence ; we see how the animals and plants of the south have been transferred to the climates of the north, where traces and remains of them are discovered ; and finally, we are enabled to account for the newness of the moral world, the monuments of which scarcely date back beyond three thousand years. The human species, reduced to a small number of individuals, and to the most deplorable condition, whose whole attention must, for a very long period, be engaged with the means of their preservation, must necessarily lose all recollection of the arts and sciences ; and when the progress of civilization has again made them feel the want of these, they will have to begin every thing over again, as if men had been but newly placed upon the earth.”—As it is very long since this catastrophe happened, and as the probability of such a disaster is daily increasing, according to the observation of our great geometrician, I think it would be prudent in us to put our affairs in order ; for in three or four thousand years at latest we shall witness a repetition of this great tragedy. Be it remarked, however, that we shall not be all destroyed—we shall only be “reduced to a small number of individuals.” I hope to be one of those who will be left ; my readers too will be of the number, excepting those who shall criticise this paper.

I have scarcely room to enter into the explanation of another end of the world, which chills me to think of, for you must know that it is to be effected by cold. Buffon has told us that the globe is growing colder every day. Ever since the conclusion of the 16th century, spots have been seen on the sun, and at the beginning of the 17th they were counted. These spots, according to some, are scoria adhering to the surface of the luminary ; according to others, they are clouds floating at an elevation of two or three thousand miles ; while others again assert, that they are parts of the sun itself, which the breaking of luminous clouds enables us to perceive. Alas ! fifty of these spots were one day counted ; and Dr. Herschel lately observed a small one

which was not above thirty thousand miles in diameter. All this is very melancholy, and the way in which our globe goes on is not more cheering. Old Greenland, a country that was once habitable, is now so covered with ice as to be quite inaccessible. In Norway, glaciers have recently formed in places where they never before existed; and tho' Leopold von Buch, in his valuable book of Travels, endeavours to dispel our fears respecting the cooling of the earth, still he admits that this opinion is general in Norway, and that, for fifty years past, the summers have been colder than they were before in that country. Again, Sir George Mackenzie, who visited Iceland in 1810, relates, that the ice has extended its empire over the vast space of sea between that island and the continent. Another proof is, that, in 1803, in the month of June, (take notice of the time of the year,) the Lady Hobart packet was wrecked against a mountain of ice higher than her masts, in the 40th degree of north latitude, that is, under a parallel whose temperature ought to be

warmer than that of Naples and Constantinople. The American ship Jupiter was lost in the same summer, in the same manner. To those who are not satisfied with these proofs of a general refrigeration of the globe, I shall now adduce one more that cannot fail to convince—which is, that I am writing this paper by the fire-side in the month of July. To ascertain what we have to expect, I made a brick red-hot, and observed it whilst cooling; and by a calculation more accurate than Buffon's, I found that in 1543 years we shall be obliged to leave Paris and settle upon the Senegal; and I am already making preparations for the voyage. Fifteen hundred years later the globe will not be habitable, and the world will be at an end for us at least.

I have thus given the *end of the world* with variations, so that amateurs may take their choice; but I hope I have said quite enough to stop the mouths of all who may be disposed to make light of so serious a subject.

H.

New Monthly Mag.

APPEAL FOR RELIEF OF ERRING AND DESERTED FEMALES.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

Dec. 18.

ALTHOUGH your valuable pages are, in a great degree, devoted to the purposes of Literature, yet never did the sacred cause of Humanity want an advocate in Sylvanus Urban.

I lament much that the account of a transaction which took place in May last, at the Police-office in Hatton-Garden, is not upon record in your widely-circulated Miscellany. A father appeared, leading by the hand his infant daughter (for she was little more than ten years of age,) stating that she had, even at that period of life, already imbibed the most vicious habits, and requesting the advice and assistance of the Magistrates to save her from inevitable and speedy destruction!

Such are the simple outlines of the case; and no heightening of colour is requisite to make the dreadful picture

more impressive! But upon investigation it appeared, that no one of the numerous and excellent Institutions which do honour to the inhabitants of this Metropolis, could receive this unfortunate child; and her very youth operated as a cause of exclusion from the Hospital more expressly appropriated to the relief of the erring and most pitiable part of her sex.

You, Sir, have lived too long in, and mixed too widely with the world, to consider this as a solitary instance; it is not necessary to visit the lobbies of our Theatres, or to explore the distressing scenes of prostitution which nightly disgrace our streets, to be aware of the extent of this increasing evil. The most public thorough fares of this Metropolis exhibit, at noon-day, a train of infants already devoted to Infamy, and bearing the broad mark of Vice upon their

countenances, which have not yet lost the traces of childhood ! Let any man walk from the Exchange to Charing-cross, under the glare of the mid-day sun, and the slightest degree of observation will point out to him a multitude of victims to early disgrace, who, in point of age, are hardly yet fit to be emancipated from the restraints of the nursery; and who, it is a melancholy truth, are no less distinguishable by their infantile appearance than by the unblushing manner in which they force themselves upon the attention of the passenger.

Whatever may be said relative to the causes which seduce those of a more mature age from the paths of Virtue (and I have in general found this most unfortunate description of persons to be far more sinned against than sinning,) we cannot impute to extravagance, to credulity, or to the operation of uncontrolled passions, the fall of these youthful sacrifices to the depravity of the other sex. They are, and from the nature of the case must be, involuntary, passive, unresisting victims upon the altar of Moloch ! but whether overawed through the operation of fear, or forced by open and undisguised violence, they are alike plunged into the abyss of destruction, before they are conscious of the ruin they are compelled to suffer.

What then is to be the fate of these unfortunate beings, whose doom appears thus to be fixed, before reason or choice can take any part in the event ? Must they perish by misery and disease before the pen of Time has written Woman upon the brow ? or will the benevolent stretch out the hand of compassion, and rescue from sorrow, from sin, and from the grave, these hapless daughters of Affliction, who have yet known little of life, except its crimes and its miseries ?

A more favourable prospect seems to open upon us : "A Guardian Society for providing an asylum for unfortunate Females," has been formed ; and sure I am that the claims of this most pitiable class of sufferers will not be permitted to pass unheeded by the philanthropic characters who conduct the affairs of this excellent Charity.

I will now leave the subject to the consideration of your Readers ; requesting those who, at this festive season, behold their own blooming offspring smiling around them in peace and security, to contrast the sufferings of the infant daughters of Sin with these happier prospects, and to shew their gratitude to the Giver of all good things, by uniting to save his fallen and deserted creatures !

Yours, &c.

E. L.

VARIETIES :

LITERARY, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL.

OMENS AND CHARMS.

KNIVES, SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c.—It is unlucky, says Grose, in his *Popular Antiquities*, to lay one's knife and fork crosswise. Crosses and misfortunes are likely to follow. Melton, in his *Astrologator*, observes, that "It is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for fear it cut away all love that is between them." Thus Gay, in the *Shepherd's Week* :

"But wo is me ! such presents luckless prove,
"For knives, they tell me, always sever love."

It is, says Grose, unlucky to present a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or

friend, as they are apt to cut love or friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense must be taken. To find a knife or razor denotes ill luck or disappointment to the party.

THE HOWLING OF DOGS.—A superstitious opinion prevails, that the howling of a dog by night in a neighbourhood is the presage of death to any that are sick in it. We know not what has given rise to this : dogs have been known to stand and howl over the dead bodies of their masters, when they have been murdered, or died an accidental or sudden death ; taking such note of what is past, is an

instance of great sensibility in this faithful animal, without supposing that it has in the smallest degree any prescience of the future. Shakspeare ranks this among omens :

"The owl shriek'd at my birth ; an evil sign !
The night-crow cry'd aboding luckless time,
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees."

The howling of dogs, says Grose, is a certain sign that some one of the family will very shortly die. The following passage is in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* :—

—"I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach :"

and the subsequent is cited in Poole's *English Parnassus* :—

"The air that night was fill'd with dismal groans,
And people oft awak'd with the howls
Of wolves and fatal dogs."

CANDLE OMENS.—The fungus parcels, as Sir Thomas Brown calls them, about the wicks of candles, are commonly thought to foretell strangers. In the north as well as in other parts of England, they are called letters at the candle, as if the forerunners of some strange news. These, says Brown, with his usual pedantry of style, which is well atoned for by his good sense and learning, only indicate a moist and pluvius air, which hinders the avolation of the light and favillous particles whereupon they settle upon the snast. That candles and lights, he observes also, burn blew and dim at the apparition of spirits, may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it happens often in mines. Melton in his *Astrologastes*, says, that "if a candle burne blue, it is a signe that there is a spirit in the house, or not farre from it." A collection of tallow, says Grose, rising up against the wick of a candle, is styled a winding sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family. A spark at the candle, says the same author, denotes that the party opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. A kind of fungus in the candle, observes the same writer, predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, speaking of the waking dreams of his hero's daughter, says, the girls had their omens too, they saw rings in the candle.

AT THE BARS OF GRATES, PURSES, AND COFFINS.—A flake of soot hanging at the bars of the grate, says Grose, denotes the visit of a stranger, like the fungus of the candle, from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar*, among the omens of his hero's daughter, tells us, "purses bounded from the fire." In the north of England, the cinders that bound from the fire are carefully examined by old women, and, according to their respective forms, are called either *coffins* or *purses*; and consequently thought to be the presages of death or wealth : *aut Cæsar aut nullus*. A coal, says Grose, in the shape of a coffin, flying out of the fire to any particular person, betokens their death not far off.

CHARMS. SALIVA, OR SPITTING.—Spittle, among the ancients, was esteemed a charm against all kinds of fascination : so Theocritus,

"Thrice on my breast I spit, to guard me safe
From fascinating charms."

And thus Persius, upon the custom of nurses spitting upon children ;

"See how old Beldams expiation make :
To atone the Gods the banting up they take,
His lips are wet with lustral spittle, thus
They think to make the Gods propitious."

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their barbarous diversion, unless it was originally for luck's sake. Several other vestiges of this superstition, relative to fasting spittle, mentioned also by Pliny, may yet be placed among our vulgar customs.

The boys in the north of England have a custom amongst themselves of spitting their faith (or as they call it in the northern dialect, "their saul," i. e. soul), when required to make asseverations in matters which they think of consequence.

In the combinations of the colliers, &c. about Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy.—Hence the popular saying, when persons are of the party or agree in sentiments, that they "spit upon the same stone."

Fish women generally spit upon their handsels, *i. e.* the first money they take, for good luck. Grose mentions this as a common practice among the lower class of hucksters, pedlars, and dealers in fruit or fish, on receiving the price of the first goods they sell.

We gather from a collection of the ancient religious customs in North Wales, drawn up by a clergyman deceased, that there, "in the church, they usually spit at the name of the devil, and smite their breasts at the name of Judas. In their ordinary conversation, the first name gives them no salvation, but is too familiar in their mouths."

SHAKSPEARE.

Westfelton, Salop, April 5.

Mr. Urban,

SHAKSPEARE has this present month lived, with increasing warmth and brilliance, in the hearts of his Countrymen exactly two hundred years from his mortal decease; and I have authority to say, the event is likely to be celebrated with cordial rapture, both at the place exulting in the high honour of his nativity, as well as in the Metropolis. For myself, it will be the seventh annual recurrence of the convivial delight, since my residence here, wherewith his birthday has been garlanded, by a few literary friends, who on that occasion have honoured my humble dwelling; where, even should I be unable to resist the impulse of revisiting Stratford-on-Avon this time, I shall take care the day goes not ungraced with its usual garniture. I cannot embrace a fitter time, Mr. Urban, to propose, through your pages, a thought I have long been desirous of extending, with respect to the *immortal* remains of this "matchless man." Disgusted to see his blossoms of ambrosial and purest bloom loaded, stuffed, and daubed with the trash and trumpery of certain creatures calling themselves Commentators, that stick to Authors, as the Remora to the Whale, hoping so to glide down the stream of time, I would recommend that in future his text be always printed without any gloss or comment whatever.

E ATHENEUM VOL 1.

But as among these are several that have made remarks in the highest degree acute, judicious, and elegant; and the others (like an execrable pun) being frequently highly entertaining from their very and extreme absurdity,—might not (in this book-making age) a very useful and interesting book be got up, by printing, in large octavo, with two columns, on a very small type, ALL the Prefaces, Essays, Remarks, Poems, &c. &c. &c. that have ever been written, published with or without, or anywise relating to Shakspeare? This book should be got up uniformly with Miller's edition, 8vo. 1806; a good Family Shakspeare: or Ayscough's Concordance of the Bard. The Prefaces, Essays, Poems, &c. to come first, and the Annotations to follow, regularly distributed under the heads of each Act, Scene, &c. of the particular Plays: so would this book serve for *any* edition; and people already provided might so have what they would not otherwise procure; and the things themselves become a million times more pleasing and useful than when tacked to the text, ever distracting the attention and interest by "thrusting their farthing candles to the sun." The method of reading recommended by Dr. Johnson in his admirable Preface to the Bard (which it is "useless to praise, and folly to blame,") would then and thus be more readily attained. There can be no doubt of the success of sale to the persons embarked in such an undertaking; and arrangement might be made for incorporating therein whatever the right of copy might otherwise exclude. I merely drop this as a seed into your pages, where I hope to see it ramify and blossom hereafter; and finally be the means of producing the projected fruit.—I cannot more appropriately conclude, than with the four verses that may be found written on one of the fly-leaves of my first folio of the Bard:

Goode frende, for Shakspeare's sake forbear
To marre one jotte that's written here;
Bless'd bee they that rightlie conn him,
And cursed they that comment on him.

ILLUSTRATION OF REMARKABLE
PROVERBS, &c.

MY EYE BETTY MARTIN.

This is a vulgarism to be met with only in low companies, though it has sometimes been transplanted from thence and introduced into noble and even princely mansions. It is an expression of contempt and defiance, when a person is not to be convinced or satisfied with any thing that is said in the way of explanation, in opposition to which the indignant sceptic is apt to exclaim : " 'Tis all my eye Betty Martin." Of these strange and apparently unmeaning words the following appears to be a correct definition. A man going once into a church or chapel of the Romish persuasion on St. Martin's day, heard the Latin Litany chaunted, when the words "Mihi Beate Martin," occurred so often, that upon being asked how he liked the service, he replied it was nothing but nonsense or something worse, as from beginning to end "It was all my eye Betty Martin."

CULPRIT.

It is universally known that our ancient proceedings in the courts were managed in the French language ; and this will lead to an explanation of the word *culprit*, about which there has been a strange difference of opinion among law writers.

After reading the indictment, the prisoner at the bar is asked whether he is guilty or not guilty of the matter charged against him : if he answers not guilty, the clerk of arraigns replies *culprit* ; which is said by some to be derived from *culp prist*, and *culp prit* from *culpabilist* and *presto*, signifying guilty already. This far-fetched interpretation is out of all character, and contrary to the spirit of the law, which supposes a person innocent till his guilt is proved by the evidence of others, or his own confession. The word is clearly a corruption of the French *Qu'il parait ?* The officer of the court says, "Guilty or not guilty?" Now if the prisoner replies "guilty," and persists in so doing, his confession is recorded ; but if he answers "not guilty," the officer says "Culprit," when he should rather say "Qu'il parait ?" i. e.

make it appear, or let it appear ; and it amounts to no more than this, that the prisoner has an opportunity and full liberty of manifesting his innocence.

A CLINCHER.

This word is frequently made use of when some extravagant circumstance is related which it would be an insult to the understanding to believe : but as it is seldom heard except among the lower orders of society, so it entirely derives its origin from thence. Two journey-men mechanics were one day contending for superiority in the art of invention, at length laid a wager which of them could coin the greatest lie. When the stakes were deposited, he that was to begin swore vehemently that one moonlight night he threw a tenpenny nail with such force, that it went quite through the body of the lunar orb, which was then at full. "That's true," said his opponent ; "for I was on the other side at the very moment, and with my claw hammer I clinched the nail." The last fellow was adjudged the prize, and from that time every outrageous falsehood has been termed a *clincher*.

HE HAS BEEN AT BLARNEY.

Blarney Castle, the ancient seat of the Macarthy family, is situated about three miles from Cork ; and adjoining to it is an old ruinous tower on an eminence, with winding stone steps up to the summit. Formerly it was a singular custom for all strangers who ascended to the top of this tower to creep on their hands and knees to the corner stone of the highest pinnacle, and kiss the same, by virtue of which it was pretended that they acquired the singular power of pleasing in conversation. Hence came the expression, in speaking of a fawning, wheedling fellow, that he had been at Blarney.

Right and Wrong. Exhibited in the History of Rosa and Agnes. Written for her Children, by a Mother, Author of "Always Happy ;" "An Introduction to Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons ;" "Key to Knowledge," &c.

In the opposite conduct, in early life, of these Twin Sisters, the Author of this little volume has largely exemplified the consequences of acting "right" and

"wrong," in a variety of instances, which cannot fail of impressing the mind of a young reader. Of the neat simplicity of the Author's language, her description of a Sunday shall serve as a specimen :

"The morning was fine, and was cheerfully ushered in with the enlivening chime of the church bells. The twin-sisters, as usual, rose somewhat earlier on this welcome day, for many were its peculiar privileges and pleasures. Neatly dressed in their best attire, clean, and decent, with fresh-washed cheeks, and eyes beaming with good humour, they joined their parents at the breakfast-table. 'I am always so glad when it is Sunday,' said Agnes; 'for we have so many pleasant things to do, and to talk about; so much variety, and so much comfort!'—'And I love Sunday too, very much,' said the little lisping Edwin, her young brother; *for you know, papa, it is the forgiving day.*' His father smiled at his innocent prattle. 'If you never did wrong, Edwin, there would be no occasion for a forgiving day, as you call it.'—'But, as I do wrong sometimes, papa, I love to be forgiving; and you know you always forgive me, most willingly, on Sunday.' 'Yes, Edwin, because Sunday is a *holy* day, a day set apart by God for peace and comfort.'—'And therefore we ought to forget and forgive, and love every body, and be as happy and as quiet as ever we can,' said Edwin. His sisters laughed at his curious list of Sunday duties, closing with what *he* thought a great virtue, to 'be as quiet as we can.'—'For my part,' said his mother, '*one* of my many Sunday pleasures is, to behold all classes of people enjoying themselves in their several modes. The shopkeepers taking pleasant walks with their wives and children, the poor day-labourers resting from their week's hard service, and dressed in their best garments, playing with their little ones, and having a little harmless chat with their friends and neighbours.'—'And therefore mamma, I am always sorry when the weather is bad on a Sunday,' said Agnes. 'So am I, Agnes; but, even in that case, there are many pleasures

within their reach. The very cessation of labour and exertion, to those who toil hard during six successive days, is no small blessing, and such as the wealthy and the indolent can form no just conception of.'—'There is something pleasant in the very idea, that even the poor beasts enjoy, on this day, rest and freedom from ill-treatment,' said Rosa. 'True, Rosa; and that man, under the most inclement seasons, has still his comforts. The wholesome meal, round which his family assemble, the blazing fire, beaming on many a happy face, the evening hours profitably spent in reading the sacred volume, which confirms our best purposes, and invigorates our highest hopes; or innocently cheered by the soothing notes of sacred melody of prayer and praise, or the social converse that, opening the heart, binds man to man in the strong link of social converse and friendly confidence.' 'You have left me,' said the attentive husband, 'to name one other Sunday blessing; the noblest joy of all.'—I understand you, papa,' said Agnes; 'you mean the satisfaction of going to church.'—'You are right, Agnes: for, what can be a nobler employment than to offer, to the Great Giver of Good, the thanksgivings of our grateful hearts, to appear in his more immediate presence, and, in his own sacred temple, confess our frailties, entreat his mercy, and adore his power? Oh, my children! what a blessing is this, what a high, what a glorious privilege!'—The little circle listened with reverence to this affecting appeal. Their worthy father continued. 'How soothing to the best affections, to behold our fellow creatures joining with us in this sacred act of piety, to look around us, and view a whole kneeling congregation uniting in the same expression of adoration; one great family, acknowledging their Universal Father! Who can so feel, and leave the house of God with any other feelings than those of pious awe and unbounded charity!'—The bell now proclaimed the hour of worship. The smiling family, with eager haste, prepared to obey the welcome summons; the little ones

walked before, the grateful parents followed, their hearts swelling with unutterable content.—After service, they enjoyed a walk, and met crowds of well-dressed people indulging themselves in strolling through the beautiful fields and lanes that skirted the busy town. On their return home, they found a smoking dinner on the table, and sat down with excellent appetites to the welcome meal. Business, or other claims, sometimes divided the family on other days, but on Sunday they regularly assembled; and these occasional absences made them regard this meeting as a particular gratification. There was always something to be told, something to be described, something to be asked. Even the necessity of asking assistance or advice served only to unite the members of this family, as it proved their dependence on each other, and how little one could stand alone. If there was pleasure in asking assistance or advice, how much greater the satisfaction in bestowing it! and when Lionel, their elder brother, who weekly attended a master in a neighbouring town, begged his sisters would take care his neat supply of clean linen was more regularly forwarded to him, he felt almost as happy in thinking he had such kind sisters to apply to, as they did in promising to oblige him, and thus having the satisfaction of feeling that they could add to the comfort of their dear brother. Thus, obliging and obliged, the happy circle passed the hour of dinner. The tolling bell again called them to church. The twin-sisters, hanging on their brother's arm, attended the cheerful party to the sacred temple. The aisles were crowded with the decent poor, who, standing in rows, listened with reverence to their respected preacher."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

Among the common inventions of life, there are none which concern our comfort more than candles; I wish some chandler of genius may arise in this generation who will invent *self-consuming wicks*, which will perish at an equal rate

with the candle, and prevent the plague of snuffing. The invention would be by no means difficult, and the advantage prodigious; at present, every ten minutes the consumer of tallow candles is in absolute darkness; or is forced, just as he is finding a rhyme for his poetry, or concluding a period in a sermon, to jump up for the snuffers, which are never where they ought to be, and always scatter their sable grease on the table. And, now we are inventing, let me recommend to the attention of societies who encourage the useful arts, not only the *self-consuming wick*, but the *self-preserving cloth*—the addition of something inodorous in the woollen dye, which will render the cloth distasteful to moths, and not unpleasant to the wearer. Your grave readers may laugh at these humble hints; but great coats and eyes have their advantages; and whatever tends to preserve them is not entirely to be despised.

A QUERY.

A correspondent of the New Monthly Magazine will be thankful to any one who can inform him who is the author of the following lines:

When winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep;
A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes;
The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,
The mounting billows bellow to the skies;
On liquid rocks the tottering vessel's tost,
Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast:
The raging waves, excited by the blast,
Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast;
When in an instant, he who rules the floods,
Earth, air and fire, Jehovah! God of Gods!
In pleasing accents speaks his sov'reign will,
And bids the waters and the winds be still!
Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar;
Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
Now say, what joy elates the sailor's breast,
With prosperous gales so unexpected blest!
What ease, what transport, in each face is
seen!
The heavens look bright, the air and sea serene;
For every plaint we hear a joyful strain
To him, whose power unbounded rules the
main.

BRAVERY AT WATERLOO.

Among recent Gazette appointments is that of Sargeant Ewart, to an ensigncy in the 3d Royal veteran battalion, in consideration of the bravery he displayed on the 18th of June. In the afternoon of that eventful day, the 92d regiment, reduced to 200, charged a column of the enemy, from 2,000 to 3,000 strong; they broke into the centre of the column, and the moment they pierced it, the Scotch Greys dashed in to their support, when both these gallant corps cheered and huzzaed "Scotland for ever!" The enemy to a man were put to the sword, or made prisoners. The Greys afterwards charged the 2nd line, which amounted to 5,000 men: it was in the first that Serjeant Ewart captured the French eagle; the affair is thus modestly detailed by himself. "I had a hard contest for it; the officer who carried it thrust for my groin; I parried it off, and cut him through the head; after which I was attacked by one of the lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark, by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side, then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went thro' his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing, charged me with his bayonet, but I parried it off, and cut him through the head—so that finished the contest for the eagle."

CATULLUS.

The elegant translation of Catullus, printed for Johnson in 1795, bears so close a resemblance of style to the poems of Lord Byron, that it seems permitted to suspect the version of having flowed from the juvenile pen of that accomplished nobleman. Wilkes's edition seems to have furnished the text confided in by the interpreter.

BULL AND MOUTH.

Henry the Eighth having taken the town of Boulogne in France, the gates of which he brought to Harde, in Kent, where they are still remaining, the flatterers of that reign highly magnified the action, which in consequence became a popular subject for signs, and the port, or harbor, called Boulogne Mouth, was

accordingly set up as a noted inn in London. The name of this inn long outliving the sign and fame of the conquest, an ignorant painter, employed by a no less ignorant landlord, to paint a new one, represented it by a Bull with a large gaping Mouth; answering to the vulgar pronunciation of Bull and Mouth.

BULL AND GATE.

The same event in history gave occasion for the sign of the Bull and Gate, as descriptive of an inn in Holborn, originally meant for Boulogne Gate, and represented by an embattled gate or entrance into a fortified town, but by ignorance converted into a Gate, with a Bull looking over it.

LAPLANDERS.

Several Laplanders have lately arrived in London with their game, which has been sold by different poulterers in the city. These poor fellows expected when they left Gottenburg, that the packet would land them in London, and that they would have no duties to pay; whereas they have been obliged to pay upwards of £50 for duties, besides ten guineas for freight from Harwich to London. The state of preservation in which these birds were is stated to be really surprising, after travelling upwards of 1000 miles. They are preserved by being hung up to freeze as soon as killed, and afterwards being packed in cases, lined with skins to keep out the air. This process so effectually preserves them that, when the packages are opened, the birds are found frozen quite hard: and those packages which are not opened, will continue in this state for some weeks. The mode in which these small birds are dressed in Sweden, is by stewing them in cream with a little butter in it, after being larded, which, it is said, gives them a very excellent flavour: the large ones are roasted, and basted with cream, which is afterwards served up as sauce. These Laplanders wear a kind of great coat, made of rein-deer skin, with caps and gloves of the same, which gives them a very grotesque appearance.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES of 1815-16.

LA MORT.

IN the commencement of the French revolution, death was always the alternative of a demand, "*La liberté, L'égalité, ou la mort, La victoire ou la mort,*" as if death were the only alternative of the greatest blessings. "*La mort*" passed into every mouth; and on the days of popular executions, "*Vive la mort!*" echoed from a thousand lungs. On one occasion, "*La Mort*" made the whole of the National Convention burst into a fit of laughter, though engaged on a most serious subject. It was on the 19th of January, 1793, when the question was agitated whether the defenders of Louis should be heard before the votes were collected, and, consequently, the judgment definitively settled. A. M. Seconds made various efforts to be heard on the point, but in vain; at last he cried out, "*La parole ou la Mort!*" His advice was—first condemn the king, and then hear what his counsel have to say!

LE ROCHER DE CANCALE.

The Rocher de Cancale is one of the most celebrated, and the dearest, coffee-house in Paris: it is particularly noted for its oysters. Of its charges, some idea may be formed from this fact:—Three lovers of oysters, wishing to regale themselves, debated whether it would be more economical to make their repast at the Rocher de Cancale, or to take a post-chaise and go to the coast: they made a calculation, and found that the expenses of travelling to and from Paris to the sea-side, and the tavern bills there, would not amount to so much, by three guineas, as a similar regale would cost them at the Rocher de Cancale.—A few weeks ago, three Englishmen, who had made a trip to Paris to spend their hoarded cash, tired of dining at *Very's*, in the Palais Royale, and their funds being low, resolved to dine very economically, and give a cheap farewell dinner to those they left behind: accordingly they sought out a decent-looking house in a poor neighbourhood, and, by chance stumbled on one in a shabby street, near the

Grand Market of the Innocents. It was no other than the Rocher de Cancale. Thither all the guests, amounting to a dozen, repaired. The dinner and wine were delicious, and each resolved to dine daily there during his stay in Paris. At length the fatal moment approached—the bill was called for—it arrived. They had calculated it at half-a-guinea per head, but, alas, they had reckoned without their host—it amounted to sixteen hundred francs—sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, and four-pence. They could not all muster the sum—they called the landlord—an explanation was entered into—"Gentlemen," said he, "it is evident you did not know the reputation of the Rocher de Cancale." They offered him the security of their watches, which he generously refused—"Gentlemen, I should be sorry to be considered worse than the fare with which I regale my friends; the sum is a trifle, pay it when you please."

THE TRICOLOURED COCKADE.

At the commencement of the revolution the national cockade was green, as an emblem of Hope; but the Duke of Orleans joining the people, out of compliment, the cockade was changed to the colour of his liveries. And on the arrival of the Marquis de la Fayette from America, the National Guard changed its uniform to that of the American army, which it has ever since preserved.

HOW TO RECRUIT AN ARMY.

After the Russian campaign, Napoleon made a law that the National Guard should march to the frontiers to defend them from invasion. This being deemed necessary, the measure was willingly submitted to. Under this impression, 100,000 National Guards were marched from different points to the Rhine; they there found the whole army. In two days an order arrived for the whole mass to move forward, and the National Guard had the alternative of marching to battle, or being cut to pieces, in case of refusal, by the regular army; upwards of 70,000 of them perished in the campaign.—*Month. Mag.*

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

Cornwall, March 3, Sunday.—This evening, as Mr. John Holman, a farmer of *Perran*, was returning from a place of worship, across a common, to his own house, a heavy mist falling, he mistook his way, and fell into an exposed shaft of a mine, 96 feet deep, besides 9 feet of water in the bottom; and, almost miraculously, reached the water without receiving any serious injury. Being an expert swimmer, he kept himself afloat during the night, occasionally relieving himself by clinging to the projecting points of rock in the sides of the shaft. The return of daylight, on Monday, enabled him to see a kind of ledge, on which he contrived to get, and where he lay the whole of Monday, calling for assistance; but no person approached the place, and Monday night came on whilst he continued in his perilous situation, where, overcome by fatigue, he fell asleep, and

again fell into the water. The darkness of the night prevented his regaining his resting-place, and he had to support himself as before until Tuesday morning, when he regained the spot from which he fell. He had now become quite hoarse from cold, and almost incessant calling for help; so that the only resource he had for drawing the attention of those whom, he supposed, would be sent to seek for him, was by throwing stones into the water. Tuesday night came without affording him any relief; but the terror of again falling into the water effectually prevented his sleeping. On Wednesday, however, the noise made by the stones which he continued to throw into the water, attracted the attention of some persons whom his distressed family had dispatched in search of his remains, and he was extricated from the dreadful abyss, without sustaining any serious contusion.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THIS distinguished writer and orator was the son of Thomas and Frances Sheridan, both persons of eminence in the literary world, the former being particularly distinguished as a corrector of English orthoepy, and the latter as a novelist and dramatist of great elegance. The grandfather of Mr. Sheridan was the intimate friend of Swift, in whose works and correspondence many of his fugitive productions and letters may be found. He was a clergyman and schoolmaster at Dublin, equally remarkable for his wit and extravagance, learning and thoughtlessness. Dr. Sheridan died suddenly in 1738, and soon afterwards his son Thomas went upon the stage at Dublin, contrary to the wishes of his friends, who would have had him follow his father's profession as a schoolmaster. The applause with which he was received at his first appearance induced him to persevere in his dramatic course; and at length he imprudently undertook the management of the theatre at Dublin, by which he became involved in disputes and embarrassed with debts. On one

occasion, when he was assailed with brutal fury by some riotous young men of fashion, and the affair produced much discussion in the public prints a volunteer pen took up his vindication with so much zeal and ability as to produce a general interest in his favour. It was natural that Mr. Sheridan should enquire after his generous champion, and to his no small surprise he found that the defence came from the pen of a very young lady, named Chamberlaine. Sentiments of gratitude and admiration were soon altered into others of a softer kind, and the parties were married at St. Mary's Church, Dublin, in 1748. Soon after this, Mr. Sheridan built a house in Dorset-street, in that city, at a considerable distance from the Theatre, and merely to gratify Captain Solomon Whyte, the uncle of his wife, who could not endure to be separated from a beloved niece who had lived with him as his own child till her marriage.

Here their eldest son, Charles Francis, was born in July, 1750; and Richard Brinsley, in October of the

following year, the last being baptized in St. Mary's Church on the fourth of November. The early education of these boys was superintended by their mother, but when the late Mr. Samuel Whyte, who was the first cousin of Mrs. Sheridan, set up his school in Grafton-street, they were placed with him as day scholars; and on the removal of their parents to England, in 1758, they were settled as boarders in his house. It is said that when Mrs. Sheridan first introduced them to her cousin for instruction she observed, "I have brought you my young ones to exercise your patience, as they have done mine; for a couple of more impenetrable dunces my eyes never beheld!" This story seems to be authentic, for when the boys were brought to Windsor, in September, 1759, their mother wrote to Mr. Whyte, as follows, "I can't say they do their preceptor as much credit as George Cunningham does, for their progress has been rather small for eighteen months; but, mistake me not, I don't say this, as is so much the absurd custom of parents, by way of throwing a reflection on the teacher, of whose care and abilities I am perfectly satisfied; it is the interest of the master to do every thing to the best of his power for the advantage of his pupils; my children's backwardness I impute to themselves, owing to their natural slowness, their illness, and long and frequent absences, not to any want of attention in you towards them." They continued at Windsor somewhat more than two years, during which period they were principally taught by their mother, but in January, 1762, at the end of the Christmas vacation, the youngest was sent to Harrow school, while the eldest remained under his father, who formed great expectation from his promising talents. Mrs. Sheridan writing about this time to her friend Mr. Whyte says, "Last Monday evening, Charles, for the first time, exhibited himself as a little orator. He read Eve's Speech to Adam from Milton, beginning, 'O! thou, for whom and from whom I was form'd,' &c. As his father had taken a deal of pains with him, and he has the advantage of a fine ear and a fine voice, he

acquitted himself in such a manner as astonished every body. He purposes in his next course to shew him in all the variety of style that is used in English composition, and hopes in a very little time to make him complete in his own art. Dick has been at Harrow school since Christmas; as he probably may fall into a bustling life, we have a mind to accustom him early to shift for himself." This abandonment of the youth to a public school without any paternal observation and guidance was very injurious to his moral habits and intellectual improvement. He was naturally of a sluggish disposition, and generally appeared alike indifferent to praise or censure. Samuel Parr was then the head boy at Harrow, and he had sufficient judgment to discern superior powers in young Sheridan that only wanted stimulus and friendship to be called into honourable exertion. He set about gaining the confidence of one who was neglected and laughed at by the other scholars; and his advances being met with equal readiness, he shortly succeeded in giving Sheridan's mind a turn for study and the beauties of composition. In the autumn of 1764, the father of Richard took Harrow in his way from Scotland, and remained there about a month, on account of the deranged state of his affairs in London, which becoming worse, he with the rest of the family went away privately to Dover, and from thence to Blois in France, where Mrs. Sheridan died on the 26th of September, 1766. This was an irreparable loss to her children, who were thus deprived of maternal care and counsel at a period when they stood most in need of direction at the opening of life. Richard continued at Harrow till the end of 1767, and was then taken under the tuition of his father, who read lectures in elocution, and gave instructions in the same art to a select number of private pupils. Of the progress of young Sheridan at Harrow little is known, but the following instance of his readiness at repartee has been related by one of his contemporaries in that celebrated seminary. The son of an eminent physician in London, and who has himself risen to distinction in the same

profession, having a dispute with Sheridan on the play-ground, said by way of contempt that he disdained to hold any contention with the son of a player, on which Richard quickly retorted, "My father, 'tis true, lives by amusing people; but your's lives by killing them."

The elder Sheridan having taken a house at Bath, with a prospect of succeeding there as a lecturer and instructor, took his two sons as assistants in this scheme, and thus the youngest became initiated in all the gaieties of that place of fashionable resort. Here Charles, who was now in his twentieth year, became enamoured of the accomplished Miss Elizabeth Linley, who then went by the name of *The Angel*, on account of her enchanting powers of harmony. Her father conducted the musical entertainments at Bath, and his eldest daughter evinced such extraordinary powers in her infancy as to be qualified to sing publicly at the age of twelve years, from which time she rose to the first eminence in her profession. While Charles Sheridan, with a number of other young men endeavoured to gain the affections of Miss Linley, her charms made an impression upon an old bachelor with about two hundred thousand pounds, whose overtures of marriage met with a very ready acceptance on the part of her parents. This gentleman was Mr. Walter Long, who was at that time past fifty years of age, and of very sordid manners; but the magical influence of wealth preponderated in his favour with all the relations of the young lady, though she resisted their importunities and remonstrances some weeks. At length female resolution gave way to parental intreaty; and to the idea of the brilliant prospects which such a marriage would secure for herself and family; her consent was obtained, the marriage settlements were prepared, and old Mr. Linley was to be indemnified with one thousand pounds for the loss of his daughter's musical services, she being at that time under articles of apprenticeship. While, however, expectation was on the alert at Bath for the celebration of this unequal union, it suddenly came to an end, for which various reasons

were assigned, some ascribed the rupture to the inconstancy of the lover, and others to the caprice of the lady; but the fact was, that Long exacted conditions respecting her future mode of living, which indicated so much brutality, that she very spiritedly refused to proceed any farther; and it was a proof that the fault lay on his side, by the award of the arbitrators employed on this occasion, and who decreed, that Long should pay Mr. Linley one thousand pounds, in trust, for his daughter when she should come of age. This affair made a great noise; and Foote, with his wonted readiness to catch every new adventure, dramatized the story in an admirable comedy, entitled "*The Maid of Bath*." No sooner did the connection with Mr. Long terminate, than the former admirers of Miss Linley returned with avidity to seek her favour, and among the rest Charles Sheridan, who for some time indulged the pleasing hope that his addresses were not unacceptable. In this, however, he happened to be mistaken; for while he was redoubling his attentions to the charmer, she was receiving the vows of his brother, with whom she spent many happy hours at the house of Capt. Matthews, who was the common friend of both the Linley and Sheridan families. When this intercourse became known, Charles gave up the pursuit without manifesting any resentment to the lady or to his brother. But his father was extremely averse to the union, and Miss Linley's friends were no less so, though with much greater reason; for as Sheridan had neither fortune nor profession, such a marriage appeared most preposterous. The young couple had no such serious reflections; and on the departure of old Mr. Sheridan for Ireland upon business, in the spring of 1772, his son Richard and Miss Linley went off early one morning for the sea-coast, where they obtained a passage in a vessel bound for France. Here they were disappointed in getting a priest to marry them, on which it was very prudently settled that the young lady should be admitted into a convent, as a boarder, to prevent any unjust aspersion upon her character. Mr. Lin-

ley, who had followed his daughter as closely as his information would enable him to trace her course, found her at this place and easily persuaded her to return with him to Bath. Hither she was soon followed by Sheridan, who, finding that the most illiberal remarks had been made upon his conduct, lost no time in tracing the original author of the calumny, who proved to be no other than his friend Matthews. This gentleman had been charged by many with having assisted in the elopement which, considering his intimacy with the parties, was a very natural surmise. Not content with denying the accusation, Matthews professed his ignorance of Sheridan's intentions in respect to Miss Linley, and threw out some insinuations equally disrespectful to the lady and her lover. When the latter was convinced of the treachery of Matthews, he endeavoured to get a meeting with him; but the latter, though far from being deficient in personal courage, evaded an interview, and set off privately for London. Mr. Sheridan, accompanied by his brother Charles, immediately followed in pursuit of the captain, who was found at a tavern in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, now a china-shop, at the corner fronting Bedford-street. Here, without much altercation, the parties being mutually exasperated against each other, fought desperately with their swords, and Matthews, after making several fierce attempts upon his antagonist, was disarmed and thrown upon the floor, in which situation he begged his life, confessed the falsehood of what he had circulated, and signed a written paper to the same purport. With this important document Mr. Sheridan and his brother returned to Bath, where the declaration of Matthews was published in the same paper that had given currency to the defamatory reports. The captain, after the disgrace which he had endured, retreated to his estate in Wales, which could not secure him from observation, and he had the mortification to find himself shunned by all his neighbours; for the story of his defeat was not only

generally spread, but his confession printed in the very paper that he had made the vehicle of his scurrility. Upon this he left the country, with a full purpose of wreaking his revenge upon his adversary, of whom, on arriving in Bath, he demanded a second meeting. Mr. Sheridan would have been perfectly justified in refusing such a rencontre after what had happened; and his most intimate friends to whom he imparted the matter, earnestly dissuaded him from the interview. But being apprehensive that this might be reported to his disadvantage, he rejected their counsel, and engaged to give Matthews the meeting at four o'clock in the morning on Kingsdown. Both parties were punctual, and it was agreed that their seconds should by no means nor in any circumstance interfere in the contest, which began with a discharge of pistols without effect, and then the combatants engaged most furiously with their swords. Sheridan made several attempts to disarm his opponent, whose dexterity had improved by practice, and they were obliged to close, in doing which both fell, and Matthews, being uppermost, exultingly commanded him to beg his life, which the other rejected. In this position, their swords being broken, they cut and mangled each other in so shocking a manner that Sheridan fainted at last with the loss of blood, on which Matthews, fearful of the consequences, got into a post-chaise with his friend, and drove off for London. Mr. Sheridan was then placed in another chaise that was in waiting, and conveyed by his second to Bath, where his wounds were dressed, and he was ordered to be kept quiet for some weeks, which injunction was so strictly observed that even Miss Linley was not suffered to visit him, though she intreated it as a wife. Soon after his recovery, which was very slow, he removed to London; on the 6th of April, 1773, he was entered a student of the Middle Temple, and on the 13th of the same month he received the hand of the lady to whom he had been betrothed long before.

POETRY.

From the London Magazines, 1817.

THE COSSACK'S GRAVE.*

By Mrs. H. ROLLS, author of "*Moscow*," a poem, &c. &c.

O'ER yon wild mountain, capt with fleecy snow,
Appears the rising sun's faint yellow glow;
Slowly its lustre steals along the dale,
And tints with brightening gleam earth's spotless veil:
Glittering with ice yon lofty pines ascend,
And 'neath their sparkling load the branches bend.
Slow o'er the plain a martial train advance,
Solemp their march, and couch'd each beam-ing lance;
No shout is heard, no wild triumphant cry,
Through their dark plumes the winter breezes sigh.
The tramp of steed, that rings against the ground,
And the deep muffled drum's sad hollow sound;
The trumpet's tone drawn deep with lengthen'd breath,
Alone are heard to shake the note of death.
Where yon wide tent's slight sheltering folds are spread,
On the rough fur that form'd his simple bed,
Outstretched in death the youthful warrior lies!
Pale are those lips, and calmly closed those eyes
That spake the word to every warrior dear,
That beam'd delighted at each rising spear!
Beauteous and brave, in life's first glowing morn
He heard his country's wrongs with noble scorn;
From his brave father caught the patriot's fire,
And proudly burn'd to emulate his sire!
His guardian lance still rais'd that sire to shield,
A valiant leader in his first fought field!
In prudence, valour, strength, and youthful grace,
The joy, the triumph of his warlike race,
Whilst all around his future glories tell,
In victory's brightest, proudest moment fell!
E'en whilst the anxious father flies to aid,
Deep in his breast is sheath'd the fatal blade!
Prostrate upon his dying child he falls,
His gush of grief the last faint spark recalls!
One moment filial loves relumes his eye,
And his sire's lips receive his parting sigh!
His followers cast their dear-bought spoils away,
And curse the fatal triumphs of that day.
Now round the bed of death, the Chieftains stand,
Kneeling by turns, they kiss the clay-cold hand.

* The gallant young Platoff, only son of the Hetman Platoff, the valiant chief of the Cossacks, was the pride and glory of his countrymen: he unhappily fell on the field of battle at Ghorodina, in the evening of the first day in which he had been engaged in active service, but not until he had excited the wonder and admiration of both his friends and foes by prodigies of valour.

The mourning father joins in solemn prayer,
Then sad resigns the relics to their care.
The march begins! along the winding dell
Is heard no choral lay, no funeral bell;
No reverend priests their sable vestures wave,
They bear a warrior to a warrior's grave!
The snowy steed that joy'd beneath his load,
Now sadly follows to his last abode;
Each faithful soldier swells the lengthen'd train,
That tread with solemn steps Ghor'dina's plain.
Abruptly rising from the vale around,
Appears a mount with graceful cypress crown'd;
There deep in earth is form'd the lowly bed,
The calm, cold mansion of the honour'd dead;
Through the chill air is heard no mournful sound,
Wrapp'd in deep silence stand the ranks around;
With point revers'd is fixed each gleaming lance,
Low on the ground is turn'd each tearful glance,
No step of steed is heard, nor sudden neigh,
Steady and still the hand they all obey.
Awful the pause! a chosen band then join,
And the lov'd relics to the grave resign,
Wrapp'd in his cloak, the warrior's meekest pall,
Then sadly sounds the earth's first solemn fall!
Now the loud volley pours its lengthen'd roar,
That rolls in distant thunder down the shore;
The rocks return the trumpet's dying swell,
And the deep drum long echoes down the dell!
Whilst their long lances gleam with sudden rays,
And o'er the helms the sable plumage plays.
To form their ranks the mourning warriors join,
And slowly round the grave the lengthen'd line
Rein their proud steeds, with measur'd steps to tread
The last sad honour of the mighty dead!

Tho' thus beneath the grassy hillock laid,
Unmark'd, save by the solemn cypress shade;
From the low turf the spotless soul shall rise,
Spread its pure wings, and seek its native skies!
Though rais'd no lofty mausoleum's walls,
Blest is the spot on which the patriot falls!
And such was Platoff!—tho' he early fell,
Long shall the veteran Cossack fondly tell,
"Yon rising sun first saw the warrior's pride,
"Ere sunk his beams, in glory rich he died."

LOVE SONG.

I WOULD not change for cups of gold
This little cup that you behold:
'Tis from the beech that gave a shade
At noon-day to my village maid.

I would not change for Persian loom
The humble matting of my room;

'Tis of those very rushes twined
Oft pressed by charming Rosalinde.

I would not change my humble wicket
That opens on her favourite thicket,
For portals proud, or towers that frown,
The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life to live in story.

Yet, in themselves, my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not ;
But only as they, one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall.

Bland's Greek Anthol.

MODERATE WISHES.

LET Alexander's discontented soul
Pine for another world's increased controul ;
Ill-weaved ambition has no charms for me,
Nor, sordid avarice ! am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country-seat on Windermere.
A mistress, kind, and sensible, and fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton---no---I never wish
A turgeon floating in a golden dish ;
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Two guineas for my dinner every day.
What though famed Erskine at the bar we view
As learn'd as Cræsus, and as wealthy too,
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To paint like Reynolds, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did,---or any how
Unlike the heroes of the buskin now ;
To range like Garnerin thro' fields of air,
To win, like Villiers, England's richest fair,
To vault, like Astley, o'er a horse's back,
To fight like Nelson, and to run like Mack,
Like Pinto fiddle, and with Newton's eye
Pierce thro' the stars, and count the galaxy ;
With Jonas conjure, light as Vestris bound,
Grin broad as Colman, though as Locke profound.

Let heirs unblushing pray for boundless lands,
And streams that ripple clear o'er golden sands,
I only ask, that all my heart's desire
Come with a wish, and leave me ere it tire ;
All arts, all excellence, myself to hold,
Learn'd without labour, without danger bold.
I only ask, these blessings to enjoy,
And every various talent well employ ;
Thy life, Methusalem, or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.
Fate heard the wish,---and, smiling, gave me clear,
Besides a wooden leg, twelve pounds a year.

Ibid.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN LOWE,

*Author of the pathetic and popular Ballad,
"Mary's Dream."*

[John Lowe was born at Kenmore, in Galloway, in the year 1750 ; he now lies buried near Fredericksburg, Virginia, under the shade of two palm-trees ; but not a stone is there on which to write, " Mary weep no more for me." See *Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.*]

FAR distant retiring, the Muse folds her pinions,
Attuning her lyre to the dictates of woe ;
Far distant from Scotia's enlightened dominions,
She mourns the sad fate of her favourite Lowe.

The wild flowers are faded that deck'd the sage mountain*

On which he delighted at morning to pore,
And sing to the Naiads that guarded the fountain,

Who weep for thine absence, sweet bard of Kenmore.

The banks of Rapp'hanock his cold clay's immuring,
And thither she wanders in sorrow to weep ;
Though clouds of oblivion his worth are obscuring,

The sparks of his genius O never shall sleep.
Beneath the tall pine-tree majestic ascending
Where youthful Vertumnus implanted his store ;

Where blooms the wide climber, its claspers extending,
She found the lone grave of the bard of Kenmore.

Now low on the grave-sward, dejectedly musing,

The Genius of Fancy reclines with her lyre ;
Far distant her wailing the mock-bird's diffusing,

And Echo responsive the Dryads inspire ;
Who pause from their sporting, and pensively ponder,

And sigh with the zephyrs that undulate o'er ;

Who oft hear the pealing as thither they wander,

Breathe, " Peace to thine ashes, sweet bard of Kenmore---"

And those that are love-lorn, and strangers to gladness,

By smooth-flowing Ken, or the murmuring Dee ;

Who seek from their lute-strings a balm for their sadness,

Shall find it in breathing a requiem for thee.
And, Airds, as thy beauties are genially blooming,

Amidst thy recesses shall Pity deplore,
That mute is her minstrel, with grief unassuming,

While Memory reveres him as bard of Kenmore.

A. KYNE.

* High on a rock his favourite arbour stood,
Near Ken's fair bank, amid a verdant wood ;
Beneath its grateful shade at ease he lay,
And view'd the beauties of the rising day ;
Whilst with mellifluous lays the groves did ring,
He also join'd.

Lowe's Morning.

THOUGHTS IN A BALL-ROOM.

Written at Liverpool.

WHAT boots it that pleasure may bloom
in this hour,
And care from the heart for a while may
be driven ;
It blossoms at best but a perishing flower---
'Twill fade at the first chilling frost-wind
of heaven.
Those notes that now cheerfully swell on the
ear, [row ;
May soon be succeeded by accents of sor-
row and hearts now so free from suspicion & fear,
Bewailing may weep o'er some relative's
bier,
Through long-lasting moments of anguish
to-morrow.

But for me, not one heart in this thoughtless
throng,
A tear or a sigh of affection would render;
Each bright glance of beauty while flitting
along,
Shines cold as the icicle gem in its splendor :
Not one of this cheerful and glittering crowd,
Would sigh at the death of a wandering
stranger ;
Unnoted, unwept by those beauties so proud,
A menial might fasten the comfortless shroud,
And carry the head of a friendless ranger.

Unwept though I here might descend to my
grave,
No friend to bewail me---no bright eye to
mourn ;
There are o'er the distant and fathomless wave
Some hearts which would bound at my
welcome return ; [befal,
And who, should mischance or misfortune
Would cherish no wish from my bosom to
sever ;
While tears of affection and sorrow would fall,
And relatives weep as they follow'd my pall,
When fled from this dark scene of anguish
forever.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS, OF BRISTOL.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, *Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c. &c.*

I.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground ;
World, with thy cares away !
Silence and darkness reign around,
But lo ! the break of day :
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears ?

[* Mr. Reynolds was a member of the Society of Friends, and formerly an eminent manufacturer of Bristol. This gentleman's charities were unparalleled in Bristol since the days of Colston. But they were not confined to Bristol. He made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects or parties. He had agents in different parts of

'Tis not the morning-light,
That wakes the lark to sing ;
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing :
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here ;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to God.
He landed in our view,
Midst flaming hosts above ;
Whose ranks stood silent while he drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw---yet wist not what they saw ;
And heard---no tongue can tell
What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire ;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

the country, whose business it was to seek for cases of distress in their respective neighbourhoods, and recommend them to his consideration ; so that thousands, who never heard the name of their benefactor, have partaken of his bounty. It is believed his expenditure in works of mercy, was 10,000l. per ann. In one year it is stated he expended double that sum in acts of benevolence. At the period alluded to (1795) he addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew in a short time to the extent of 11,000l. ; it appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality, for, in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for 9,000l. more.---A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan ; and after he had given her liberally, she said, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' 'Stop, (said the good man,) thou art mistaken---we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'

He united, in a very remarkable manner, great liberality with just discrimination ; and altho' the sums he distributed were large, yet he never relieved any object without previous investigation. His modesty and humility were perhaps as distinguished features of his character as his liberality. So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, 'My talent is the meanest of all talents,---a little sordid dust : but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable ; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great LORD of ALL.'

--Behold the bed of death ;
 This pale and lovely clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
 No :---life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It laps'd in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes ;
 Could sighs recal the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love relumed this alter'd mien,
 And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead ;---and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead ;---in Christ *they* sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image to the skies.

II.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre ;
 Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
 Wake, Remembrance !---and inspire
 Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
 Flow'd, and will not cease to flow ?
 ---Full of honours and of years,
 In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
 Springs aloft his mighty name ;
 For the memory of the Just
 Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face
 Did his inmost heart reveal ;
 One who wore with meekest grace,
 On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
 Charity was every word ;
 Him the eye beheld and bless'd ;
 And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
 Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
 He could blend the awe of age
 With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the Lord,
 On the height of Lebanon,
 Shade and shelter doth afford,
 From the tempest and the sun :---

While in green luxuriant prime,
 Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
 From its locks it shakes sublime,
 O'er the hills the morning dews.

Thus he flourish'd tall and strong,
 Glorious in perennial health ;
 Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
 All his plenitude of wealth.

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
 Worth the soul's uncounted cost ;
 Wealth which misers had esteem'd
 Cheap, though Heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand,
 To the poorest child of need,
 This he threw around the land,
 Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest day,
 Every grain on every ground,
 Stony, thorny, by the way,
 Shall an hundred fold be found

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
 Though he shone from east to west,
 Far withdrawn from public gaze,
 Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
 Through the purple evening gleams,
 Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
 In the morning's golden beams ;

Thus beneath the horizon dim,
 He would hide his radiant head,
 And on eyes that saw not him,
 Light and consolation shed.

Oft his silent spirit went,
 Like an angel from the throne,
 On benign commissions bent,
 In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
 As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;
 Then the bliss of hope would spring
 On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
 To the ignorant and vile,
 Stranger, captive, slave, he came
 With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
 Gold, instruction, raiment, food ;
 Like the gifts of Providence,
 To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
 Shall eternity record,
 Which he durst not call his own,
 For he did them to the Lord.

As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
 Heaven-ward breathing from below ;
 As the clouds descend in showers,
 When the southern breezes blow.

Thus his renovated mind,
 Warm with pure celestial love,
 Shed its influence on mankind,
 While its hopes aspired above.

Full of faith at length he died,
 And victorious in the race,
 Won the crown for which he vied,
 ---Not of merit, but of grace.

III.

A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

THE pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
 Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
 When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
 And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their
 breath,
 Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord
 in death ;
 Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
 Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain ;
 For millions conquer'd and ten thousands
 slain,

For cities level'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
 Navies annihilated on the flood ;

---The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
 And genius moulds impassion'd brass to
 breathe

The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
 Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,
 And bids it live---the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these;
No blood of widows stains his obsequies;
But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
And foundling voices on their father call:
No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave;
But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined;
And watching angels waited for the day,
When Christ should bid them roll the stone
away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life;
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
No airy immortality of song;
No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
To make his lineaments for ever known,
Reynolds requires:—his labours, merits, name,
Demand a monument of surer fame;
Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
But shew them *living*, while the world shall
last;

Not to bewail one Reynolds snatch'd from earth
But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth;
In every age a Reynolds, born to stand
A prince among the worthies of the land,
By Nature's title written in his face:
More than a Prince---a sinner saved by grace,
Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
To prove himself the minister of all.

Bristol! to thee the eye of Albion turns;
At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns;
For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
Are "British minds and British manners"
found:

And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters
pour

From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
'Thou hast a native mine of worth untold;
Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress;
No---free as Severn's waves, that spring to
bless

Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
In argent beauty thro' a lovelier land,
And widening, brightening to the western sun,
In floods of glory thro' thy channel run;
Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are
hur'd

In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world:
Thns flow thine heart-streams, warm and
unconfined,

At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
Worthy wert thou of Reynolds;---worthy he
To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
Reynolds is dead;---thy lap receives his dust
Until the resurrection of the just:
Reynolds is dead; but while thy rivers roll,
Immortal in thy bosom live his soul!

Go, build his monument;---and let it be
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
Low in his grave the strong foundations lie,
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
On crystal pillars resting from above,
Its sole supporters---*works of faith and love*;
So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
They cast no shadow: all within be light:

No walls divide the area, nor enclose;
Charter the whole to every wind that blows;
Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings
blue,
And thunders roll,---they pass unharmed
through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
With this, and only this, inscription graced,
The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
"Glory to God! good-will, and peace on
earth."

Then be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
But with their gifts upon that altar spread;
---Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal.

Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair;
Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
The God of *him*---in whose transcendent mind
Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind:
Thy God, thrice-honour'd city! bids thee raise
That fallen temple, to the end of days:
Obey his voice; fulfil thine high intent;
---Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument!*

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THE beam of the mighty is mantled in
night,
His glory is set in the blaze of its light;
His bow-string is shaftless, his spear is at rest,
His sabre unwavering, and sighless his breast.

The beauty of Jacob is laid in the dust,
His armour is broken, and canker'd with rust;
His eye is in darkness, a spot on its ray,
His vigour is death, and his bloom is decay.

The hills of Gilboa shall summer no more,
Jehovah's anointed hath stained them with
gore;
Their trees shall be leafless, their verdure de-
stroy'd,
Their altar a ruin, and Nature a void.

Philistia shall triumph---the pulse of the brave,
Whose thrill was destruction, is lost in the
grave;

One spirit sublim'd them---adversity tried---
They existed in love, and in unity died.

Weep, daughters of Jacob, for Saul and his sons;
Attune your bright harps to the deeds they
have done;

The arm of the lion, the foot of the roe,
Weep, daughters of Jacob, be mighty in woe.

Oh, Jonathan! Jonathan! ghostless art thou,
There's gore on thy visage, and dust on thy
brow:

Yet the angel of Beauty is lingering by,
She revels in rapture and flits to the sky.

Yes, thou art a corse, but thy spirit's above,
Diverging in glory, and beaming in love:
And Friendship is blasted and saintless her
shrine,

My soul has no kindred, and anguish is mine.

Wantage,

J. W.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Miss HOLCROFT's novel, *Fortitude and Frailty*, will appear in a few weeks.

Dr. BURROWES, of Gower-street, is preparing for publication, *Commentaries on Mental Derangement*.

The PASTOR'S FIRESIDE, by Miss PORTER, author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *Scottish Chiefs* may be expected in a few days.

A new and enlarged edition may be expected in a few days of the *Letters* and other works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in 5 vols.

Mr. Walker, of Dublin, has nearly ready for publication, *Selections from Lucian*, with a Latin translation and English notes; to which will be subjoined a mythological Index and Lexicon.

A novel called *Ponsonby*, will appear in a few weeks.

Shortly will be published, a work of fancy, entitled *Half-a-dozen Day Dreams*; intended to illustrate the connexion of imagination with character.

Two works in Biography have lately been published in London, *The Private Correspondence of Dr. Franklin*, and the *Memoirs of Sheridan*. The value of the first of these works is undeniable; and it is pleasant at this time of day to contemplate the acknowledged superiority of a man who acted a part so honourable to the cause of general freedom, though partially injurious to the country which pays the homage, and which is therefore doubly honourable for paying it. These letters (which, by-the-bye, are published at a price much too high in relation to quantity), exhibit Franklin to great advantage; as an individual uniting, in an eminent degree, philosophical speculation with practical ability.

The *Memoirs of Sheridan* appear from two quarters; one of them is edited by 'a Constitutional Friend,' and comprises his speeches. The other has been compiled by Dr. Watkins, and presents a curious specimen of bookmaking ingenuity, being advertised as a complete work, and yet ending with an announcement of another volume of the same size.

A Life of Raphael has also been given to the world; it appears judicious and faithful; but possibly, at this time of day, should have been written by one who could exclaim, with respect to Raphael, as Corregio did, "I also am a painter."

A new and elaborate attempt has been made to prove that SIR PHILIP FRANCIS wrote the *Letters of Junius*. We conceive that that gentleman set the question at rest by his Letter to the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*; but, if any doubt should remain, no better evidence could be adduced than Sir Philip's *Letter Missive to Lord Holland*, published in the summer, which, though able and interesting, is as unlike Junius as Clarendon is unlike Blair. These investigations lead, however, to the development of much curious anecdote, and in that sense the new enquiry merits attention; but, in comparing the pretensions even of De Lolme, as so ingeniously asserted by Dr. Bus-

by, we confess we think the balance of arguments, in regard to these two persons, to be against the hypothesis which ascribes them to Sir Philip Francis.---*Month. Mag.*

In Medicine, or rather Physiology, the public is indebted to the sound science of Dr. Gordon for a work entitled, *Observations on the Structure of the Brain, comprising an estimate of the Claims of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim to discovery in the Anatomy of that Organ*; which seems likely to put an end to that ill-concocted mass of fact and inference known by the term---Craniology; at least as far as taking away the support of loose and inaccurate experiment on the brain can effect it. It is strange how such a jumble of physics and metaphysics can have been sustained on the surface so long.

Under the head of Travels may be noticed, *Leigh's Travels beyond the Cataracts of the Nile*,---a work of considerable interest; and *Memoirs of a late Residence in France*, written by a professional gentleman.

Lord Byron has indulged the poetical world with a small collection of minor effusions, published under the title of *The Prisoner of Chillon, and other Poems*. It is to be regretted that they have come out under such a designation, as it led the public to expect an elaborate effort in the *Prisoner of Chillon*; whereas it is a mere fragment, and by no means either so good or so interesting as some of its companions. Neither had it any direct connexion with the celebrated Castle of Chillon, on the margin of the Lake of Geneva, from which it is called, being, in fact, little more than a rhapsodical description of the effect of merciless captivity in a dungeon of three youthful brothers, supposed to be confined there on a religious account at the era of the Reformation. The most beautiful of the other poems is an *Incantation*, written some years ago for a Witch Drama; and the most curious of them, a nondescript in blank verse, intitled, *the Dream*, which is allusive, from beginning to end, to his lordship's first amatory attachment, and the fate of the object of it and himself in marriage.

The author of *Waverley*, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, for it is certainly he---has furnished the readers for amusement with another work, entitled, '*Tales of my Landlord*,' which, tho' extending to four volumes, contains two tales only. The second of these, which takes up three quarters of the work, possesses merit of a very high order, and affords an admirable lesson to bigots of opposing sects, by shewing the existence of a persecuting spirit in every extreme, and its horrible accordance with the dictates of a perverted conscience. The opposing pictures of oppression, and cold-blooded cruelty on the part of the episcopalian leaders of Scotland, under Lauderdale, during the latter part of the reign of Charles II. and its operation on a spirit of fiery and intolerant zeal in the Presbyterians and Cameronians, with the consequent excesses on each side, are painted with great force and genius. These are a kind of fictions which really aid the study of history, and, as such, may be perused with general benefit.